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Pro-Slavery.

MORAL EFFECTS OF THE SLAVERY DISCUSSION.

From The Journal of Commerce.

It is a very common occurrence, in travelling through New England, to meet men who are perfect monomaniacs on the subject of slavery. This is the one all-absorbing theme, possessing their whole mind and soul; one which acknowledges no religion and no moral or political obligation that conflicts with their pre-conceived notions. They kindle with passion the moment they discover an opponent, and fulminate unmeasured abuse upon all dissentients, without distinction. They profess the tenderest regard for a large class of population commonly possessing black skins—but for another class, their brethren and equals, no language can sufficiently express their detestation. In these latter, no virtue can be found—no redeeming characteristic—in their behalf no clemency can be exercised. In fact, the whole slaveholding community is consigned *en masse* to the tender mercies of such as are expert with the rifle or hang-man's rope. When reasoned with, to ascertain by what process of ratiocination they reconcile their professions of philanthropy with a relish for blood or attempt a justification of their foul spirit of revenge, it must be accepted as a sufficient answer that "there is a voice from within which teaches us that man is everywhere entitled to liberty, and that this God-given right cannot be taken away with impunity." He will discourse eloquently on the abstract question of human freedom, and obtain a ready assent to each proposition; but to descend from the beautiful realm of theory to facts as they exist—to consider the question of American slavery in all its political and social complications, and point out the means by which it can be removed or its evils mitigated—this is quite a different matter. Driven from other points, your controversialist will most likely refer to the torch and knife of the black man as promising to afford a practical solution, and in exceedingly humane suggestion he will possibly betray a sort of frenzied satisfaction. Should you appeal to the Book of Inspiration as inculcating principles not exactly according with his code of liberty, he will, perchance, avow utter disbelief in its teachings, or repudiate such portions thereof as have been superseded by the superior light of the nineteenth century, and especially by the great modern reformers. There is a "higher law," he will tell you, which is infallible and paramount to all religions and divinities.

Such is the character of the Eastern Abolitionist, and it is no rare exception. Hideous as it appears in its moral obliquities, it prevails in several Eastern States to an extent which will be slowly credited, eating into the vitals of true religion, corrupting the Church, undermining the basis of social order, and insinuating itself everywhere as a panacea for the spiritual woes of man. The passport to favor is not so much, "Is he honest? Is he capable?" or, "Does he observe the decalogue?" but, "Is he sound on the question of slavery?" This is the test of worth. Other delinquencies may be pardoned; but if faulty in this particular, all is lost. A consideration of minor importance is exalted to a place of the first magnitude, till the moral perceptions become insensible to every other. Thus is error substituted for truth and truth for error, and the conscience robbed of its power of discernment.

But the reflex influence of Abolition fanaticism, as affecting those among whom it prevails, is felt in a form more aggravated, if possible, by the slave himself. While this fell spirit stalks abroad, he must remain in bondage; he is beyond the reach of aid. His best friends, as has been proved by long experience and many liberal acts, have ever been those among whom he lives and labors; but in the assault upon their property and rights, as recognized by the Constitution of the United States, slave-owners, influenced by a common sympathy and the instinct of self-preservation, are united to resist every encroachment from abolition emissaries, or other hostile agencies. Their chief care must be to keep slaves under the closest surveillance, and to punish with exemplary rigor every infraction of discipline. Devising measures for the release of these laborers is a business which has been monopolized by other parties. So likewise of those at the South who have no direct interest in the continuance of slavery, and who are far better qualified than any others, by position and education, to promote the welfare of the slave; they, too, are precluded from any action in their behalf. This portion of the community constitute a large and influential body at the South, but they must observe a "masterly inactivity," so long as the pressure from without continues. For years past, the spectacle has been presented of a body of States, forming the southern portion of this confederacy, acting together as one man on this subject—each individual being constrained by social and political obligations to refrain from any systematic endeavor to ameliorate the condition of the servile population. And so it must ever be, while Northern people continue their encroachments. It would be absurd to assert that no Southern men have the welfare of the slave deeply at heart; and their inaction cannot be construed otherwise than as evidence that, at present, no highway for the exodus of the slave is known to exist.

Comparative peace now prevails throughout the country on the subject of slavery, and a favorable time is afforded for calm reflection upon some of the truths above presented. But, as other objects than the welfare of the slaves are to be accomplished by "agitators," repose cannot be reasonably expected.

"TWENTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY-SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY."

From The Richmond (Va.) Central Presbyterian.

Due notice is given that this anniversary is to be held at the close of the year (time and place to be named hereafter), the object of which is to "sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society." And to give the notice the greater effect, it is sent forth under the signature of fifteen ladies and fifteen gentlemen—all prominent advocates of the cause. Heretofore, they tell us, "an annual Bazaar" has been held "for the sale of contributions of articles for this valuable purpose, and that last year the proceeds of the sale amounted to $3,000." But this year they will abandon the Bazaar, and rely upon direct cash subscription, hoping to realize from it even a larger amount.

There is something significant in the confession that the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD is still so poverty-stricken that its friends are obliged to beg $3,000 a year for its support. It clearly shows that anti-slaveryism of the type of the National Society is not in very good odor even in the North. For the last twenty-five years they have not ceased to represent their cause as "identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightened and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed." But as the common sense of the world judges of a tree by its fruit, these fair promises have all proved to be like "the apples of Sodom and the grapes of Gomorrah." So that even the more conservative anti-slavery men of the North regard this would-be "National Society" as aiming at the destruction of all law, all order, all government, and all the institutions of religion; and hence everywhere abolitionism and infidelity are held as synonyms.

BITTER RESOLUTION.—Our Garrisonian friends seem to be specially stirred up recently against the Republicans and "all the rest of mankind." Some of their resolutions, put forth at recent conventions, breathe nothing but dire disaster to all the organisms that cumber our civilization. If these fulminations were not mere stage thunder, we should fear that the spheres were coming together about our ears. Note the following, passed at a meeting in Massachusetts:

"Resolved, That to this Union of States obedience and loyalty would be a crime, and therefore we will not render them, but will treat it as the bond of banditti and pirates; we will hold no office, will elect no one to hold office, under it; we will seek its overthrow by all the means in our power, not forbidden by the laws of God; and we will welcome its destruction, whether by servile insurrection at the South, or by civil or foreign war, or any other cause which may effect this result, in the operations of Nature and Providence."

Now, to say nothing of the crazy fanaticism of denouncing obedience to the Union as a crime, and calling our universal fellow-citizens "banditti" and "pirates," we must protest against the moral treason contained in the imprecation of "destruction" and "foreign war." But there is one comforting declaration contained within it that in these political times is quite refreshing, to wit: That they will "hold no office," &c. Wouldn't this be a glorious resolve to stick at the Montgomery County Democracy? Accept no office, quoth a'!! We wonder how it will be with them when they get the majority; minorities, however, are always humble!—*Norristown (Pa.) Republican.*

DR. CHEEVER AND THE AMERICAN BOARD.

From The Richmond (Va.) Central Presbyterian.

"It has been announced," says good Dr. Cheever, of abolition notoriety, "that a new slave State is to be presented for admission into the Union, embracing the territory of the Choctaws and the Cherokees, under the teachings of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions." But what does the good Doctor mean by this opening sentence of his freshest anti-slavery philipic? It would be exceedingly difficult to answer the question were it not known that the American Board have missions among the Cherokees and the Choctaws; and as to "the proposed testimonial," which he is anxious that they should make against "slavery," let the fact console him that the Board has already done all it could—and done so much that it has greatly crippled its influence among these tribes by its settled anti-slavery policy—settled a few years ago at their annual meeting in Hartford, Conn., and which its Secretaries have ever since faithfully labored to carry into effect. Some of the missionaries on the ground, if not all of them, protested against this interference at the time, and they have been embarrassed by it ever since. But Dr. Cheever is one of those very good men that would shut out the Gospel of Christ from every tribe and people in the Union—if not under Heaven—where the holding of slaves is allowed. And should the American Board follow his counsel and cast off these tribes as too great sinners, in this respect, to be under its watch and care, no great harm would be done them. For it so happens that the missionaries and the Churches too in these territories are in connection with the General Assembly, and that they would fare none the worse were the relation changed from the American to the Assembly's Board. In the Presbytery of Indian alone, there are 12 ministers, all missionaries of the American Board, and 16 Churches, with 1,636 communicants, 4 licentiates and 4 candidates, and in the Presbytery of the Creek Nation, there are 3 ministers, 1 licentiate, and 4 or 5 Churches in the same relation. And it is well known what course they will all take, if the attempt is made to enforce the anti-slavery rule. Under these circumstances, will not some of the good Doctor's friends advise him to cease biting this file?

Since writing the above, which was intended for last week, we have seen the Report of the Committee appointed at the late meeting of the American Board, on Indian Missions, from which we copy the following extract, showing that the Board, under its anti-slavery rule, is uncomfortable in its present anomalous position in relation to these missions. They do not like to cut them off—nor do they like to retain them. If they should cut them off, they would do what Dr. Cheever seems to be calling for. And if they should retain them, they will most certainly be charged with winking at slavery, which, in the talk of some, is the greatest abomination in the world.

"It seems to your Committee desirable that the Board should be relieved as early as possible from the increasing embarrassments and perplexities connected with the missions in the Indian territory. Surely the time is not far distant when the Choctaw and Cherokee Indians, and half-breeds, will stand in precisely the same relations to the missionary work with the white people of the adjacent States, and when the Churches there will be the subject of home missionary more properly than of foreign missionary patronage."

Selections.

TESTIMONY OF THE AMERICAN BOARD AGAINST SLAVERY.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D.

Am I my brother's keeper? When will this voice of Cain cease to be sounded from the lips of Abel? When will the Church of God make answer, Yea, we *are* our brother's keeper, especially if he be outcast, down-trodden, despised, afflicted, forsaken? We *are* our brother's keeper, even with a skin not like our own, and the charge of his protection and defence will we take upon us, for to this privilege and world of benevolence God hath called us. But alas! Church and Ministry, Priest and Levite, Boards, Assemblies, Conferences, Associations, not content with passing by on the other side, and leaving the poor slave to the mercies of the Samaritan, come where he is, and smite him as he lies wounded, and bestow rebukes and reproaches on those who implore freedom and favor for him.

The progress of slavery is appalling in every direction, but above all in the apology, excuse, and shelter, which it has gained in the Church of Christ. The Church is like Rachel in Jacob's tent, accused of harboring the gods of Laban, but adroitly covering them with the camel's furniture, and then sitting down upon them, immovable, professing the critical peculiarity of her situation as an excuse for not relinquishing her place. Just so the Church, in complicity with the sin of slavery, hides it under the critical nature of her work and position, and professes to be excused from the duty, or prevented from the power, of revealing and renouncing it. We are doing a great work, and cannot come down to rebuke the oppressor or relieve the oppressed. Our business is to preach the Gospel and save souls, and, being on a foreign mission for this purpose, we cannot be required to perform the work of an Anti-Slavery Society at home, and will not be degraded to such a level.

By little and little it has come to this pass. At first this giant iniquity was like a frozen snake, which some compassionate idiot takes within doors and warms at the fireside. At first its immorality was humbly acknowledged, and it only begged a little indulgence, a night's lodging, till it could gather up its entanglements, dispose of its obligations, and be gone. Now it tells the master of the house to be gone. Where sin is let in as a suppliant, it remains as a tyrant; first a corner, and then all. The Arabs have a fable of a miller who was one day startled by a camel's nose thrust in at the window of the room where he was sleeping. "It is very cold outside," said the camel, "I only want to get my nose in." The nose was let in, then the neck, and finally the whole body. Presently the miller began to be extremely inconvenienced at the ungainly companion he had obtained in a room certainly not large enough for both.

"If you are inconvenienced, you may leave," said the camel; "as for myself, I shall stay where I am."

How strikingly is this fable illustrated by the relative position of the American Board, and the iniquity so long admitted as a lodger at their Indian mission in this country. Let us alone; what have we to do with thee? it is before the time. We are now informed that the iniquity cannot be grappled with as a sin, that the Board cannot direct the Gospel to be preached against it, that the position of the missionaries in regard to it is very difficult and delicate, embarrassing and trying, and that incipient measures are supposed to be foreshadowed in the resolutions passed at the recent meeting of the Board, for the relinquishment of the mission, thus getting rid of the whole difficulty. "If you are inconvenienced," the sin quietly remarks, "you may leave; as for myself, I shall stay where I am." After forty years' quiet companionship, slavery is the master, and the Board, without directing the Gospel against it, yield possession and retire.

We did not intend to advert to this subject again, but we find it forced upon us. We wrote from the heart, with a few sad facts before us, and especially the announcement that arrangements might soon be expected by which a new slave State would be brought into the Union, comprising the missions among the Cherokees and Choctaws, an expression of what has been and still is in the mind of many of the friends of the Board in regard to the desire that the Board might set itself free from all complicity with the sin of slavery among these tribes. Our remarks have been held up to condemnation as "mistaken maledictions on the missionaries."

The accusation of maledictions on the missionaries is so gross that if we were ever so desirous of passing it by in silence, we could not properly do it; the inspired precept not to let your good be evil spoken of would forbid. The accusation is simply and absolutely false, and we have only to request our readers to turn back and reperuse our former article on the proposed testimonial of the American Board against slavery, and they will find that it contains not one word against the missionaries, nor any malediction at all, nor even a word of reproach against anything but slavery, and the support of it; being indeed an earnest appeal to the mission and the Board to vindicate themselves and the Churches from the reproach of having sustained and sanctioned that sin.

As a testimonial of the manner in which our article was regarded by gentlemen at a distance, connected with the Board, and its warmest supporters, we quote one sentence from a letter received before the meeting of the Board had been heard from, a letter written by one of the earliest friends and most generous contributors to its funds that the Board possesses. He says, "Your article in *The Independent* on the American Board's connection with slavery was *most excellent in spirit, and very timely.*" Our readers may be very sure that this gentleman would not have spoken thus of any article, by whomsoever penned, containing *maledictions on the missionaries.*

This is all we wish to say in regard to *that*, being perfectly willing to be judged simply by the article itself, which our readers can criticise at their leisure. The principles involved in the action of the Board, or rather in the Report on the Indian Missions, and in the reported remarks of the President at the close of the session, demand a more particular attention.

And first, it is pleaded that the Board, not being an Anti-Slavery Society, can have nothing to do or to testify, either directly or indirectly, against slavery or the slave code, or any of its iniquities. Here we cannot help remarking how deficient in sagacity, and what infants in the science of expediency, those Jews were, or Judaizing Christians rather, whom Paul encountered and opposed, when he denounced circumcision, and the laws by which they would have sustained and enforced it. If they had possessed our modern experience, or could have appointed a chairman of the meeting with the requisite pluck and sophistry, he would have decided the matter, and cut short the discussion, and set the difficulty perfectly and forever at rest, by announcing that the Christian Church was not an Anti-Circumcision Society, and could not be turned aside from its work of preaching the Gospel, to the business of opposing a Jewish rite. Especially as Paul was on a foreign mission, he could not properly be called upon, nor call upon them, to oppose an evil beyond the limits of their jurisdiction, and over which they had no control.

Or, at the very first church council, when the Judaizing party had endeavored to impose upon the Gentiles the code of circumcision, in place of the freedom of the Gospel—a code certainly not more directly opposed to the Gospel, and the will of God, than the laws of the Choctaws and Cherokees imposing slavery, and forbidding any preaching or teaching in opposition to it—when the Church and the Apostles were called upon to notice and oppose this imposition, this despotism, they might have got rid of the whole difficulty (for confessedly it was a very troublesome and disturbing thing to meddle with) by roundly asserting that they were not an Anti-Ceremonial Society, and had nothing to do with it. They might have said, It is not within our province, either directly or indirectly. It is not our business to turn aside from the work of Foreign Missions, from the work of preaching the Gospel to every creature, to meddle with such particular customs or evils, since we are sure, if the Gospel is only preached, that these evils will cure themselves. The patient preaching of the Gospel will in good time remove them.

Suppose that any of these questions had been making difficulty, that there were consciences troubled in regard to them, and churches established, where some of these evils had crept in, and were legalized, though Paul himself, with all his energy, was opposing them. And suppose that just then a great annual meeting occurred, and, for the sake of peace, these difficult subjects were prevented from being introduced, or were crowded out from any direct action or utterance in regard to them, any pronouncement against the evil or the sin. Suppose a record published of the meeting, and a thanksgiving to this effect, "It was known that idolatry was existing at the Smyrna and the Philadelphia stations, and some defended it, and others were for having it overhauled, rebuked and extirpated; and it was greatly apprehended that this agitating subject would be introduced and pressed, and some direct action demanded in regard to it; for there had been attempts, by advertisements in religious journals, and otherwise, to stir up some excitement in regard to it; but most happily, not an agitator peeped or muttered, and, to the great relief, delight and comfort of the meeting, the whole subject was disposed of without one word of discussion. The unity of love, and the tide of pious feeling that swelled in the bosom of the vast assembly, was not even rippled by the breathing of this demon of discord. We cannot refrain from expressing our gratitude to God that the subject of idolatry was not permitted to be named or introduced, to disturb the harmony of this precious meeting."

If any such record were found in the pages of the Acts of the Apostles, we should instantly pronounce it to be a base forgery, a lying attempt to scandalize the reputation of the early Church, and to fasten on it the reproach of a time-serving and sin-fearing Christianity.

Suppose, once more, that before the check recorded in the Epistle to the Galatians as given to the progress of dissimulation in the concealment and sufferance of sin, Peter and Barnabas, and the other brethren at that time carried away with such Jewish dissimulation, had held a large missionary meeting in regard to the Jewish stations, and that a part of the result was a record of this nature, namely: "It was much apprehended by some that Paul and his fellow-sympathizers would have been there, to press his extreme radicalism in regard to circumcision; but happily the meeting passed off without any such intrusion, and it was harmoniously resolved that the patient preaching of the Gospel would cure all evils, without the need of creating any disturbance by ever going against any one evil in particular."

Now, according to Mr. Tracy's imperturbable and dispassionate History of the American Board, it is some forty years since the experiment of such a patient preaching of the Gospel without directing it explicitly against the iniquity before us in question, has been pursued; and the result this day is that *slavery* and *not* the Gospel has gained the victory. It is slavery that orders the Gospel to retire, and tells the Board, "If you are inconvenienced, be gone, but against my right of possession you shall not speak." And the Board answers, "No, we are not an Anti-Slavery Society, and have nothing to do, either directly or indirectly, with this sin." It is some forty years, we say; and not to be misunderstood, we give the statement presented in 1810 by Rev. Gideon Blackburn, the earnest missionary of the Presbyterian Church, who first proposed the establishment of schools among the Cherokees, before the formation of the American Board. This man sent to Dr. Morse in 1810, when the Board dates the beginning of its own existence, the result of a census of the Cherokee nation: Indians, 12,395; NEGRO SLAVES, 583.

The Cherokee Mission was commenced by the Board in 1817, and in 1818 the Mission to the Choctaws. From 1817 to 1858 is a period of 41 years, during which the Gospel has been patiently preached to those Indians; and as there is not a hint in Mr. Tracy's accurate and very minute volume of any definite direction of the Gospel against slavery, and as the President of the Board, according to the report in the New York *Observer*, has declared that the Board, not being an Anti-Slavery Society, cannot, either directly or indirectly, meddle with this sin, we are authorized to suppose that there has been no direct meddling with it, but that, on the contrary, the good long sweep of 41 years has been given uninterruptedly to the favorite experiment, perpetually urged upon the Churches in regard to this sin, of preaching the Gospel faithfully, and letting the sin alone, of preaching Christ crucified, and excluding all notice of the sin; for that, in this way, the sin would be destroyed; the preaching of the Gospel would be sure to extirpate the sin, if you would only leave the sin itself without direct rebuke and disturbance.

Now we doubt not there is a marked providence in permitting this experiment, and there is a very marked lesson in the result. It cannot be questioned that if, from the outset, the Gospel *had* been set plainly and directly against this sin, the sin and not the Gospel would have been abandoned. No such infamous laws would have been passed sustaining it, and forbidding all preaching and instruction against it, as *were* passed, more than twenty years after the introduction of the Gospel; or if they had been passed, the remonstrances and rebukes of the Word of God would instantly have been launched against them; and if worsted in such a conflict, the Board and its Missionaries would have had the satisfaction of retiring *from a battle*, and not retreating without striking a blow; the satisfaction of maintaining the freedom of the Word of God, and applying it boldly to wickedness in high as well as low places, and to the consciences of men in reproof of such wickedness. By faithful manifestation of the truth, and not handling it deceitfully, the Board would have commended themselves to men's consciences in the sight of God, even as we are commanded of the Lord, under all circumstances, to do, when put in trust with the Gospel.

"Grievous charges" are said to have been brought against the Board. We know of none; certainly we have brought none; what are called grievous charges are just simply facts gathered from the history and record of the Board's own proceedings, in regard to which some explanation has been requested, and some action desired. We have seen no denial of the facts; but it is acknowledged that there is a difficulty, and it is proposed that the Board withdraw its missions. Why not first preach the Gospel *against the very sin that makes the difficulty*, and leave the result with God? Why not first utter a testimonial, which the Church and the nation so much need, against the progress of an iniquity, and against the iniquity itself, which taints our whole heart and life, usurps and corrupts our jurisprudence, disgraces our religion, turns judgment into hemlock, and in promulgating even from the National Tribunal of Supreme Justice the daring declaration that "black men have no rights that white men are bound to respect," challenges, legitimately, the notice and rebuke of just such an institution as that of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions?—*Independent.*

From The Liberator.

We have already had the pleasure of laying before our readers two or three letters from William Robson, Esq., a much respected citizen of Warrington, England, who, for the last three months, has been travelling through the free States, as far West as the Mississippi river, in order to examine American institutions in a spirit of world-wide catholicity and fairness; and who, having completed his task, sailed for Liverpool, on Wednesday last, in the steamer Asia, Capt. Lott. From the time of his landing to the hour of his departure, it gives us great pleasure to state—wherever he went, and with a fidelity matched only by his sound judgment—he did not fail to bear an open and uncompromising testimony against our great national sin of slavery, both in public and private, and was uniformly listened to with the respect that is due to a conscientious, brave and upright spirit. An example of this kind is very seldom set by those who visit America from the old world; for no sooner do they touch our shores than the vast majority of them succumb to the all-prevailing pro-slavery sentiment of the land, either by consenting to wear a padlock upon their lips or else by becoming the apologists and defenders of slavery; though they get nothing but hearty contempt for their cowardice and recreancy. Not simply as an Englishman, but as a Christian, has Mr. Robson been true to his principles; and he has won for himself the respect and esteem of a large number of persons in this country, who will long remember his visit with unalloyed gratification. He has seen much to elicit his approval and admiration in this country; and we shall expect to see from his pen, on his return home, a candid and interesting sketch of his travels, wherein "naught will be set down in malice."

The last testimony which Mr. Robson leaves behind him is the following, giving his reasons for not visiting the slave States.

WHY I HAVE NOT GONE TO THE SOUTH.

BOSTON, Sept. 16, 1858.

My Dear Sir: I have been frequently asked, by the apologists and defenders of the slave system, in this country—"Have you been to the South?" "See the institution as it exists, before you condemn it," &c. As the request seems a plausible one, I now wish to state my reasons why a journey to the South, to see the state of the slave population there, must be worse than useless, for its proposed end; and why, humanly speaking, it could lead to nothing but mystification and deception. The slave-owner and his apologists seem to imagine, that the only conceivable evil of slavery consists in the lash of the overseer; excessive and wasting labor; privation of food, and the non-allowance of time for occasional recreation.

Now, I would most cheerfully—if only the issue of the question of the righteousness of slaveholding could be raised before some just tribunal, whose decision should be held binding in the case—give the slave-owner the benefit of admission—that no slave ever was lashed, or had his life shortened one minute, by labor and privation of any kind; and that his life was one of continued jollity from the cradle to the grave; and I tell him that the issue would not be one whit the less doubtful. No man can be a slave-owner without believing or practising a lie; and no man can be a slave without injury to his whole nature—intellectual, moral and spiritual—and these together constitute the damnable sin of slavery in the first degree.

Now, no man journeying through the South could, by so doing, see more clearly this lie which the slave-owner cherishes in his heart of hearts, and lives by as a divine truth; nor would such journey reveal, more clearly, the moral degradation of the slave, than the fact that he is so brutified as to submit to a bondage which, if his soul was only a few degrees higher and purer than it is, would end in open rebellion; war to the knife, and death to every slaveholder and every abettor of slavery where the bondage existed. These things are clear as the noon-day sun. And lashes more or less bloody, labor more or less wasting, and pork more or less liberally doled out, are matters of so comparatively small concern, that how it could ever enter into men's heads to place the issue of this great question upon such facts only, is to me utterly inexplicable. The only apparent reason is, that slaveholding has demented the master at the same time that it brutifies his victim. St. Paul describes the last state of reprobation of the Gentile world as one in which "God had given them up to strong delusion that they should believe a lie, who had pleasure in unrighteousness."

What truth can be clearer than that the man who accumulates his wealth by taking forcibly or fraudulently from others the daily produce of their labor, and only gives them, in return, such food and shelter as he gives to his horses and cattle, and for the same motive, that they may work more efficiently for his gain—I ask, what truth can be clearer than that such a man is a thief and robber in the sight of God? If he is not a thief, who is? Bring the black hired slave into court: "I earned five dollars last week, and this white man took three, and only left me two to provide food and lodging and clothes for myself." The American nation justifies this theft; and it is their crime and their shame that they do so; but their doing so cannot alter the everlasting principles of right and truth, or make the armed power which sustains the white thief in his crime other than one of brute force and oppression. Such national crime does all it can do to pervert and pollute the national conscience. The American nation makes physical strength the arbiter and judge of all moral principle, and, by so doing, dethrones God, and becomes an agent of hell.

But it is a comparatively small matter that the slave-owner is a thief. If this was his only crime, he might still be a being of comparative purity and holiness. He is a murderer of the souls as well as the bodies of men. He declares the slave is not fit for freedom. And yet he bred him, kept him from infancy to manhood, but took special care that no faculty should be developed that did not serve his lust for gain! Laws are passed, making it a crime to teach him to read. The intellect that God has given, and by the gift revealed the duty of cultivation, is stultified by enforced neglect. The spirit that was made for progress is enfeebled and chained down, and kept in the swaddling bands of infancy; and all that he can do to destroy the ever-living soul of his brother man he does, to gratify his lust for gain! And I am to go into the South, to see the institution, before I condemn it! And if I go, they will try to show me a man so brutified that he shall rejoice before me in his degradation! And because they have succeeded in making him a *non-rebellious* slave, I am to join them in exulting over the moral ruin! And because they still have doubts of their own ability to keep the man in chains by their own power, I am to help them in adding mine to aid in such hellish work! And the North does it—gives them the aid they need, and covers it up, all over, with the Bible! And I am to go into the South specially to see whether I cannot be brought over to their side! I am not to go to teach the black man his rights and duties before God, but to become the auxiliary of the slave-owner; for if I do not become that, I can do nothing. Except that, if I act as a Christian, I have, as the certain result, legal imprisonment, or illegal lynch law. I will not go to the South.

Yours very truly, W. ROBSON.

THE DEMOSTHENES OF ALABAMA.

From The (London) Statesman.

"The world knows nothing of its greatest men." How often are we reminded of this in reading the eulogistic notices of wonderful orators in the remote districts of America, whose eloquence appears to have the most astounding influence over the half-civilized population of those thinly peopled regions! The United States is commonly represented as a country in which material progress is too much valued, and certainly there has been a great deal of nonsense written and spoken about the extent of its territory, and the quantity of cotton, hogs, and Indian corn, which it produces. These, however, are not the most valuable products of the great Republic, as an eloquent writer in last number of the *London Cotton Plant* is proud to show. A Mr. R. A. M. Henderson, who dates his letter from the town of Marion, Alabama, after remarking that "the measure of a country's greatness is not alone to be discovered by Gunter's chain, or reckoned by the indices of the surveyor's compass," and asking the editor of the *Cotton Plant*, who resides in Market street, Manchester, if he can tell "what made the age of Alcibiades, in Greece, the most illustrious that the land of battle and song ever saw?" goes on to show that the real greatness of the present age is to be found in our educational institutions. In that small town of Marion, for example, he proceeds to relate that there is a seminary for young ladies, to whom an address "one hour and four minutes in length" was recently delivered by the Hon. Joseph Taylor, of Eutaw. Among other persons who enjoyed the supreme felicity of listening to that oration was Mr. Henderson, the Alabama correspondent of the *Cotton Plant*, who rises into the most extravagant rapture in his description of it. We cannot help quoting the following passage from his letter as a specimen of Western criticism:

"When the discourse was completed, it stood before the auditory a compact, ornate temple of thought. Its corner-stone was a 'tried stone, a sure foundation'—*i. e.*, the Christian religion, the 'rock of ages.' The pillars in beautiful proportion that colonnaded the whole were graceful, and of the composite order of intellectual architecture. There was the beauty of the Corinthian, the scrolled exactness of the Ionic, and the sublime simplicity of the Doric. The architrave was a mammoth beam of golden stability. And when the dome arched over the structure and flashed in the sunlight of truth, it stood like St. Peter's at Rome, unrivalled. Like the Jewish temple, the stones were made ready before they were brought thither, and the house when it was building rung not with the sound of the hammer, nor axe, nor any tool of iron. The cedar trees were hewn out of Lebanon, with all the skill of a Sidonian timber-hewer, and God was the Adoniram that oversaw the work. Great stones, costly stones, and stones squared at the quarry, were brought to lay the foundation of the house. Without a figure, the address was severely elaborated, as it ought to have been, and showed that a master-mind had evolved its thought, and gracefully rounded the periods of its composition. A more compact and classical address I never heard, and a more sympathetic speech I do not believe can be made. It was all that his friends could hope for—vigorous in thought, it chained the willing attention to the altar where burned the fires of his mind—elegant in composition, it held with a weird-like power the æsthetic of the soul—pathetic in passages, it caused the heart to swell with holy emotions, soft, yet unutterable—and eloquent in delivery, his words fell full-toned upon the ear, and were distinctly heard by an audience of over two thousand. The verdict of this stupendous jury to decide the merits of this speech was unanimous, and one universal round of applause followed the conclusion, announcing to the speaker a complete success. Mr. Editor, if Athens was proud of her immortal triumvirate in the empire of mind—Plato, Aristotle, and Socrates; if Rome boasted of her Cicero, Livy, and Virgil—ought not Eutaw to honor Joseph W. Taylor, as a man who can give her character abroad and glory at home?"

We have frequently been told that Englishmen cannot understand American institutions or American politics, and it is no doubt with a view to enlighten our ignorance that the slave owners of the South have established the *Cotton Plant* in London. Viewed in that light, we must look upon the communication from Alabama as a sample of Southern criticism inspired by a great subject.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

From The Sag Harbor Corrector of Sept. 25th.

SUCCESSFUL LANDING OF A CARGO OF FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVEN SLAVES ON THE COAST OF CUBA—THE BARK SCUTTLED AND SUNK OFF BLOCK ISLAND.

About 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon last, seven Portuguese sailors arrived in town. Their appearance, coming in the direction from whence they did, taken together with their movements here—their great display of Spanish coin—their refusal to give a correct account of themselves, &c.—soon excited suspicion, and the whole place was rife with rumors. Various and vague were the conjectures indulged in, but a "head" or "tail" to anything authentic was not to be found.

In the meantime the strangers obtained good counsel and warm friendship in the persons of their own countrymen. Night came on without any further developments. In the morning it was found that they had, with but one exception, taken their departure. This one was left behind. All that was authentically known up to this time was that these men had landed on Montauk, in a boat belonging to some clipper-built vessel; that they refused to give a correct account of themselves; and that they hired Mr. Gould to bring them here. One incident might here be mentioned. The Deputy Marshal of New York City, Mr. D. Angelies, passed down to Montauk the same day these men were brought off. Had these men arrived one day later, they would have all been arrested, as they landed in the vicinity of, and stopped at, the same house as did the Deputy Marshal. As we said before, this was all that was authentically known up to this time, although there were a hundred rumors afloat of a mutiny at sea, the slave trade, shipwrecked mariners, &c., some of the reports and counter-reports being set afloat by these "shipwrecked mariners" and their friends, in order to keep the public mind from settling down upon a fixed point.

The men who disappeared on Saturday night were taken to the Connecticut shore by one of their own countrymen and safely landed. The sick man died on Sunday, and was buried on the following Monday morning, he having plenty of money to pay his funeral expenses. A marble slab is erected at the head of the grave, on which is a doolcedly suggestive, if not an original, proverb. Here are the letters:

"Dead Men tell no Tales."
FAVIECO MARCEIA,
E 44.
"Tho' Boreas' winds and Neptune's wave
Have tossed me to and fro,
By God's decree, you plainly see,
I'm harbored here below."

The disappearance of all but one of the strangers, and the sickness and sudden death of the one left behind, for awhile wrapped the whole affair in a profound mystery. The accounts which have appeared in the New York journals were founded upon the most vague, unreliable and incorrect street rumors, and colored to suit the imaginative brain of the writer.

We have just been placed in possession of the facts of the case. What is contained in the following account, although not quite as full as we would wish, nevertheless has the merit of being correct:

The clipper bark ———, which was built at New York last summer, was soon after sold to a well-known Spanish house of that city, fitted for the slave trade, and sailed for Africa, having on board her complement of officers and crew, and two captains—one American, and the other Spanish. They succeeded in obtaining their cargo of slaves, and sailed for Cuba, where they were equally successful in landing them (507 in number). Here all hands were paid off, and, leaving the American captain in Cuba, the bark again went to sea under the command of the Spanish captain. Arriving off Block Island, the seven who landed on Montauk were allowed to leave in one of the vessel's boats, while the others were required to remain on board in order to scuttle the bark. They scuttled her off Block Island, took to their boats, made for the Connecticut shore, and were picked up by a pilot boat and taken to New London. Their sorrowful tale of shipwreck and suffering readily secured them a free passage wherever they wished to go.

The above are all the authentic facts that we are allowed to lay before the public at present. The slaves are landed—the vessel sunk—the officers and crew at large—save and excepting the one who now sleeps in our village cemetery, over whose remains are the ominous words—*dead men tell no tales.*"

The following, from the New London (Ct.) *Chronicle* of Monday, Sept. 27th, fully establishes the theory concerning the character of the mysterious Portuguese sailors who landed upon Montauk Point some ten days since:

HAVE WE SLAVERS AMONG US?—We have been for several days in possession of knowledge concerning the mysterious appearance of a strange vessel off the coast, and of strange seamen, with plenty of money, on both sides of Long Island Sound, both at Sag Harbor and at points in this vicinity, which will be found interesting to those in doubt as to the meaning of those singular circumstances. We give the story to-day as it came to us from an authentic source:

On the evening of Friday, the 17th inst., while the pilot-boat Eclipse, of this port, was off Montauk Point, persons on board of her saw in the moonglade, at a distance, in the direction of the Long Island shore, a vessel—either a brig or bark—with topsail aback, as if intending to lie-to until morning. The pilots believed her to be an inward bound vessel, waiting until daylight to continue her course. When it came light on Saturday, it was noticed that the vessel had disappeared, and at about 4 o'clock in the morning a boat with nine men in it pulled alongside, and the men were received on board. Part of them were Portuguese and part seemed to be Americans. They first told the story published in this paper last Tuesday, that they belonged to the bark Elizabeth of Eastport, Me., and that, in consequence of her having sprung aleak, they abandoned her.

Upon being questioned closely, however, they told another and a different story. They said that they had been sent by the owners of the vessel to take her to some convenient spot, and scuttle and sink her, in order to get the insurance money on her. They said further, that besides their own boat's crew, thirteen other men from the vessel had taken the other boat and landed on Long Island. They wished to be brought to this city and landed, and offered to pay liberally if the pilots would bring them over. This offer was, however, declined; but as they urgently desired to be put ashore somewhere on this side of the Sound, and Capt. Rogers did not wish to have his vessel incumbered as it then was with passengers, strangers at that, he finally did bring them across and landed them at Watch Hill. That point was chosen, as the wind was more favorable to making a landing there than at this city. The man who seemed to be the leader of the strangers, and who represented himself to have been the commander of the abandoned vessel, paid, as the price of their passage over, six Spanish doubloons, a coin with which all of the party seemed to be amply supplied.

The boat, a good yawl, and a spy-glass were given to the pilots, and in the bottom of the boat was found a silver rosary and crucifix. After landing the passengers at Watch Hill, Capt. Rogers returned immediately to the place where the strangers had said they had sunk their vessel. They found her about 15 miles south-west of Montauk Point. She was readily discovered, and proved to be a fine brig, well-found in every respect, and, as far as could be seen, a superior vessel. She was painted black, with varnished masts and gilt trucks; her yards were painted black. Her stern lay much higher in the water than her head, the ballast in her having evidently slid forward, leaving her light aft, and settling her bow upon the bottom. The name on her stern, which was about three feet under water,

for in having to strive with so many capable and determined rivals, you could have borne away the palm only by the force and perseverance of your application. Note well, I beg of you, I have not said by your talent. * * * I prize highly native intelligence—that precious gift; I appreciate the just happiness of those who enjoy it. * * * But I cannot and would not accord praise to a man simply on the ground of natural talent, because it is a gift which we bring with us into the world—an advantage belonging to our nature independent of any effort of our own, and of which consequently we cannot pride ourselves. But application!—labor!—ah, let us pride ourselves more on labor. *There* only is true merit, for there alone does man reveal himself acting, become a living force, and make felt the power of his will—the will in which is found the true title of manhood.

* * * * * * *

"Work on then, my young countrymen—work, work, without trusting to your natural genius—without stopping to consider the measure of your abilities. Be very sure that ardent and well-directed *labor* can never cease to be fruitful, and will always end in triumph. * * * *

Go on, therefore, without cessation, without discouragement, toward progress—cease not to feed your soul—the absence of aliment kills the brain, makes it die of inanition. Dig away with fervor, for a certain fire and ardor is necessary in literary toil—application without warmth may enlighten, but heat is as necessary to mature the harvests of the soul as those of nature. Be careful that your present success prove not a sterile one. You have taken one good step, it is true, but what a way yet remains to be travelled, if you would deserve well of mankind and of your country. You have done no great things as yet—pardon a friendly frankness, you have done as yet very little, you know in truth as yet very little. Man has so much to learn, and you, my friends, are only at the beginning. Suffer not yourselves to be carried away by a too natural self-congratulation—sleep not on this bed of laurels—these crowns which have encircled your sable foreheads will soon be faded if you take not the precaution to renew them."

With such noble and hearty determination, and such examples, we may hope for much in the future of Hayti.

When shall prizes of honor be awarded in our colleges to colored Americans?

Is there not something in the fraternal spirit of France, its absolute and philosophic superiority to the prejudice of races, which may account for this result in Paris? The Africans, as a race, are exceedingly approbative. They are sensitive to kindness or unkindness. They need a warm, kindly atmosphere to grow in, as much as tropical plants. The pitiless frosts and pelting storms of scorn, ridicule, contempt and obloquy which have fallen upon them could not have found a race more sensitive, more easily beaten back and withered. But as Christianity, as a public sentiment, as the light reflected from all other civilized nations, helps us to correct this peculiar and local prejudice, we shall see more and more development of talent in this race. The day will, we trust, come when it will be no longer recorded as a prodigy that an African has excelled in anything.

One thing more. It is too often thoughtlessly conceded, because of the great superiority of the African race in our country to their barbarous ancestors in Africa, that the credit is due to the Southern States of having at least civilized and Christianized a race.

It is far safer to say that the natural aptitude of the race for civilization and improvement has been such that they have developed in spite of every effort on the part of their masters to prevent it.

Forbidden all learning—the very initial steps to the temple of knowledge guarded from them by pains and penalties—the family state studiously corrupted and defiled, by the refusal of permanent and legal marriages—all rights of restraint or education taken from parents—in short, a systematic warfare directed against every element of manly progress which God has placed in the soul—they yet have risen, as the Hebrews multiplied in spite of the cruel persecutions of the Egyptians. The slave-owners have educated and civilized them just as the Egyptians increased the population of the Hebrews, and not otherwise. Other races so treated have been broken down and disappeared. Witness the native tribes of America. But this African race, with its grand, warm, tropical vividness, with its noble breadth of physical vigor and enjoyment, is destined, evidently, to a future. This gigantic aloe, which has stood silent and neglected in the world's garden, will yet come to flower and put new vigor into the world's life and history. The young communities of Hayti and Liberia will go on, and from Canada and from the Southern States will rise men to feel an electric thrill of pride and sympathy—and in that day let oppressors tremble. They may have proofs of the capacity of the race far other than they desire.

Andover, Sept. 27.

—*Harriet Beecher Stowe, in The Independent.*

MISSOURI METHODISM.

In the discussion that has been fairly pressed upon us, in regard to our Missionary appropriations in Western Virginia, Arkansas and Missouri Conferences, we have alleged that our preachers there are gathering in more slaveholders into the Church with our Missionary funds. As a reply, intended to have the effect of a denial, it has been asserted that our Church there was decidedly "anti-slavery." We are now trying to elicit light from Bros. Brooks and Blackford, as to *what kind* of anti-slavery they have out there—whether it is not precisely of the Baltimore stripe; and while they are preparing the answer will give an incident in point:

Mr. Arthur Hughes, of Syracuse, N. Y., was in Jefferson City, Missouri, a year ago last August. While there, he stopped at the house of a Methodist lady. One morning he heard the slashings of a horse-whip, and a terrible outcry from a young female slave, and, on going to the window, saw this Methodist slaveholding sister whipping her slave most unmercifully. The *crime* for which she was thus brutally scourged was this: The slave had a little boy, a mulatto, whose every feature and action proclaimed him the grandchild of this Methodist slaveholder; and in washing the little fellow, his slave-mother had used a little more water (which had to be drawn from the river) than her mistress thought she ought to; and then came the lash. And what is still worse, this slaveholding, slave-whipping mother in Israel—this model Missouri Methodist—boasted of having been for thirty-seven years a member of the M. E. Church; and, like the slaveholding Dr. Deems, at that very time professed to enjoy the blessings of entire sanctification!

Br. Hughes is a worthy citizen of Syracuse, upon whose testimony any jury would hang either Bro. Brooks or Bro. Blackford, if they had committed a capital offence; and such is his positive knowledge of the "anti-slavery" character of Missouri Methodism, in one instance at least. Will it be a sufficient answer for a brother in Kansas or in St. Louis to say, we don't know of any such Methodism? What if they don't know of it? Others do, and their testimony is positive and unimpeachable. Missouri Methodism is like the Methodism of all other slaveholding States, and it is of no use to deny it.—M.—*Northern Independent.*

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE IN NEW LONDON.

From The New London (Conn.) Chronicle.

On the 20th of September a vessel left Wilmington, N. C., loaded with yellow pine lumber, bound to a port in this vicinity. When six days out from Wilmington, the crew in the forecastle heard a sound of rapping, evidently proceeding from the forehold. On searching for an explanation of the mysterious noise, there was found to be a "nigger in the wood-pile." Here was trouble for the captain. Although he had paid three dollars as a search fee to the authorities at Wilmington, who had explored his vessel in search of colored individuals, before it left port, and would have evidently been the last man in the world to "run off" a slave, here was a live darkey actually in his hands! The colored individual said he had come out from among the happy subjects of the patriarchial institution, because he wished to be free; that he belonged to a negro woman who lived about 200 miles from the town of Wilmington, and that he had secreted himself in the vessel's hold six days before she left port. He had thus been there twelve days when he was found, and his stock of provisions had been two pounds of crackers and a piece of cheese, which he had thoughtfully provided for the voyage. The captain disliked exceedingly the idea of harboring a fugitive, but as he had to choose between that and throwing him overboard, he could do no better than to let him stay aboard until he reached port.

Yesterday morning, at about 2 o'clock, the vessel arrived off the entrance to Mystic River, six miles east of the mouth of this harbor. The captain lowered his boat and went directly ashore for an officer, to whose custody he might surrender his colored passenger. On returning, he found that Joe, the slave, was missing, having jumped overboard and swam ashore. The captain having thus suddenly "come to grief" in his laudable endeavors to return the runaway chattel to his unknown owner, came to this city to make efforts for his recapture. In passing up State street, he accidentally glanced into the open door of a clothing store, and there beheld Cuffee before the glass, critically inspecting himself with a view to ascertain whether a coat he was then trying on was a good fit, and also if it was "becoming." He rushed into the store and gave the unhappy negro "particular fits" by announcing to him the unpleasant intelligence that he must drop that "dunnage and come along." He led the crest-fallen African directly to the Custom-house, and made known to Collector Mather, who is a United States Commissioner, the circumstances of the case. It had in the meantime become noised about the streets that there was a "nigger case" in progress, and a stir was made among the people. Judge Brandegee of the Police Court, hearing of the matter, went down to the Custom-house, accompanied by a large number of our prominent citizens. Entering the office of the Collector, there were found present, besides the Collector, the captain of the vessel and the derelict negro, one or more of the officers of the United States revenue cutter, stationed at this port. Judge Brandegee inquired of the Collector if the negro was a prisoner and was informed that he (the Collector), as a United States Commissioner, held him in charge; that the man had admitted himself to be a fugitive slave. Turning to the negro, the Judge asked him if he wished to remain there or to go free. He expressed his strong disinclination to remain there any longer than was absolutely necessary, and desired to go at once if that would be generally satisfactory to those present. Judge Brandegee told him to "go then." The Custom-house officials attempted to stop him, but somehow the presence of the opposing party prevented their efforts being of much avail, and the darkey evaporated in a remarkably short space of time.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1858.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "*Editor of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "*Publisher of the Anti-Slavery Standard, 138 Nassau street, New York.*"

TO DONORS.

THOSE who have made pledges to the American Anti-Slavery Society, and those who intend, whether pledged or not, to do something in aid of its operations the current year, are reminded that this season is the time when such aid is most needed. Such Donations will be gladly received and promptly acknowledged either by Francis Jackson, Boston, or S. H. Gay, New York.

ACCIDENTAL ERROR AND SYSTEMATIC FALSEHOOD.

WE find in *The Independent* of July 15th a poem of twenty-four stanzas, called "The Reformer." It teaches the great and most important lesson, that we need feel no alarm, either for ourselves or society at large, lest the present or future welfare of either should be imperilled by the assaults of reform on established usages. It shows that reform is eminently needed, needed both for the overthrow of evil and the upbuilding of good; that the very process of assault upon the evil either expressly declares or clearly intimates what better thing should take its place, and how that better thing should be constructed; and that neither the inconvenience which necessarily attends change, even from bad to better, nor the fear lest change should bring something worse, are sufficient reasons either for dreading or opposing this needful process. It shows how not only fraud, and sloth, and unthinking conformity, but art, romantic enthusiasm, and pious reverence itself, are accustomed to shrink from this assault upon things established, even when they are injurious to the public welfare; and it specifies first, as most obvious, among the things needing, and therefore undergoing, such assault in our day, "The Church."

Both the cast of thought in this poem and the union of vigor with exquisite beauty in its expression point to Whittier as its author. Even had it not often been published with his name, every one familiar with his other writings would name him unhesitatingly as the author of "The Reformer." *The Independent*, however, credits it to John G. Saxe.

No doubt, this is merely an accident. Perhaps the editor, perhaps the compositor and proof-reader, misled by the association of ideas, unconsciously wrote for the third name that of another well-known poet who owns, equally with Whittier, the two former names. The error was a trivial one, which might have been made by anybody, and it was corrected the very next week.

But there are two classes of false assertions and false insinuations, occurring not unfrequently in *The Independent*, which, being persisted in and repeated, in spite of correction, we must conclude are made by system, and of deliberate purpose. We refer to the attempts of that paper to disparage the Abolitionists, and to maintain the sinking credit of the Church and its propagandist associations. When truth will not answer for these purposes, *The Independent* freely uses falsehood. When the directness of real reformers interferes with its compromising course, it impudently declares Theodore Parker an opposer of Christianity, and William Lloyd Garrison "an infidel of a most degraded class"; and its conductors exercise their professional disingenuousness (in the editorial chair as in the pulpit) to oppose whatever interferes with the reputation of the Church, even to rebuke its sins.

The recent meeting of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has given occasion for some of the false insinuations and some of the professional disingenuousness referred to.

The position of the American Board in regard to slavery is, and has always been, identical with that of the American Tract Society. Neither makes any direct effort to defend slavery; both, indirectly (and efficiently), defend it by the constant quiet assumption that it is right, satisfactory, perfectly consistent with a Christian character and a Christian life in the slaveholder; one does this by keeping anti-slavery out of its tracts, the other by admitting slaveholders into communion and membership in its Churches.

Having (for some reason not very satisfactorily explained, unless the turn of the tide explains it) given an energetic testimony, continued for two or more years against the pro-slavery position of the Tract Society, *The Independent* refuses to utter a word against the precisely equivalent position of the American Board. It praises the Board in general terms, urges liberal contributions to its Treasury, and says of its last meeting, in which the whole subject of reform was successfully evaded—"The late meeting of the American Board was characterized by great harmony, *and by the best spirit.*" It also says of that meeting—

"In some quarters there seems to have been an expectation that the matter of slavery among the Choctaw and Cherokee Indians would be sharply discussed. A long advertisement, containing various and grievous charges against the missionaries in those Indian nations, had been published in this and several other widely-circulating journals, and a special contributor of ours had been moved to put forth over his well-known signature a column of eloquent but mistaken malediction against the missionaries. Mistaken, we say, for in truth the missionaries of the American Board have *no more control over the course of Choctaw legislation* than the pastor of the Church of the Puritans has over the proceedings of Congress or the decisions of the Supreme Court at Washington. We are far from being satisfied with the position of those missionaries among the Choctaws; we fear they are too much influenced by the Old School Presbyterians in the adjoining States, with whom they are ecclesiastically connected, and whose apostacy from the catholic faith of evangelical Christendom in regard to the injustice of slavery is notorious; but we would as soon impute the guilt of the Dred Scott decision to the eloquent preacher on Union Square as impute to those missionaries a complicity in the very acts and statutes which are designed to restrain them of their liberty as ministers of Christ, and which they honestly refuse to obey. Quite unexpectedly, the subject was disposed of in the end unanimously, and without a word of debate."

We have italicized, above, the expression which shows the false insinuation, the professional disingenuousness, upon which we are commenting. Dr. Cheever's article in *The Independent* neither asserted nor implied that the missionaries had any control over the course of Choctaw legislation; the charge was that the missionaries *implied slavery to be right by admitting slaveholders into their Churches*, and that they thus were educating that half-civilized people in the enormous and dreadful error of supposing slaveholding to be compatible with Christianity. This witness is true. Such has always been their course. And in this sin, this flagrant breach of the trust they took upon them in assuming the office of Christian ministers this persistent misrepresentation of the character of Christ's kingdom and the duties of his followers, the Board sustains these men, and *The Independent* sustains the Board; and rejoices, moreover, that this new crucifixion of Christ in his oppressed little ones passed "unanimously, and without a word of debate."

In the hope of inducing some check to this course, hitherto pursued by the Board, of baptizing slavery as a Christian institution in its Indian Churches, two persons sought, by articles in *The Independent*, just before the late Annual Meeting, to draw the attention of its readers, first to the fact of this enormous abuse of instrumentalities organized for the diffusion of Christianity, and next to the needed reformation. These persons were seeking to apply to one of the representative off-shoots of the Church that very process of improvement which Whittier's "Reformer" declares to be needed by the Church itself. *The Independent* gave to that poem a conspicuous and honorable place in its columns. How does it treat these prose writers, who are making a special application of the same principles to a sin which *The Independent* is disposed to uphold? One of the articles in question, a frank and manly letter, addressed to the President of the American Board, signed with the well-known name of the writer, proving the guilt of the Board by citations from its own Annual Reports, and making a calm and Christian appeal for the needed reformation—is banished to the obscurest corner of the advertising columns of *The Independent*, obliged to be paid for as an advertisement, and then misrepresented in the editorial columns, after the meeting was over, and the notice thus drawn to it would no longer help towards the fulfilment of its object. The other article referred to, which, from the relation of the writer towards the paper, could not be thus thrust into obscurity, is also assailed in the editorial columns with misrepresentation and false insinuation. Dr. Cheever's article is not "malediction against the missionaries." It indeed exposes certain great sins of the missionaries, but its chief force is directed against the greater sins of the Board, and its warnings, rebukes and admonitions are applied in the very spirit and manner used by prophets in the Old Testament and apostles in the New, against the sins of their time. Yet the editors of *The Independent* set their influence against these articles, and enforce this misused influence by misrepresentation.

The dishonesty to which we have referred is found, as a matter of course, in the New York *Observer*, and the herd of sectarian and theological newspapers, throughout the country, that call themselves "religious." But most readers of *The Independent*, never having seen the exposures of the guilt of the Tract Society until they were echoed by that paper, and making a hasty generalization from this one specimen of reformatory action, look upon it as an eminent iconoclast, and assume the soundness of every institution which it defends. Our point in regard to *The Independent* is, that since it has often, with acuteness and just severity, exposed the dishonesty of pro-slavery clergymen and religious papers in their defence of the Tract Society, its own practice of a similar dishonesty in defending the American Board is not to be ascribed to inadvertence, but to deliberate purpose; and our point in regard to the Church is, that if its advanced guard, its teachers and leaders, its members regarded by the great body as hazardously progressive and reformatory, are so corrupt, we may reasonably infer that the main body is not good enough to be called Christian at all; not good enough to afford the faintest hope of a regeneration of the world through its instrumentality; not good enough to give the slightest plausibility to its impudent pretence, that the salvation of individuals and nations would be more speedily accomplished if those who are laboring outside the Church in various departments of reform would leave their *work* to join in its *prayers*.

THE COLORED VOTERS OF NEW YORK.

THE number of colored men in the State of New York who possess the amount of property necessary to entitle them, under the Constitution, to the right of suffrage is supposed to be more than 10,000; a body sufficiently numerous, perhaps, in the present nicely balanced state of parties, to determine the result of the next election. It has been supposed that Gerrit Smith would certainly receive the all but unanimous support of this class of voters—that, indeed, they would rally to his standard with great enthusiasm. Such, however, is not likely to be the case. A Convention of colored men, composed of fifty-four delegates and representing eighteen Counties, was lately held at Troy. The following resolutions, after a spirited discussion, were adopted, four or five only voting against them:

7. Resolved, That in the ensuing gubernatorial election, it becomes us to act with especial reference to securing the elective franchise. We can accomplish nothing in this direction save over the defeat and ruin of the so-called Democratic party, our most inveterate enemy. In order to secure this defeat, it is absolutely necessary to consolidate the strength of the opposition to said party. And we regard the Republican party, all things considered, as more likely than any other to effect this desirable end, and advise the eleven thousand colored voters of this State to concentrate their strength upon the Republican ticket for Governor, &c., now before the people.

8. Resolved, That in so doing, we do not for a moment endorse all the political tenets of that party; we are radical Abolitionists, and shall ever remain so; but we regard the nomination made by them at Syracuse as calculated to give aid and comfort to the enemy, by electing the Democratic candidate.

The leading champion on the Republican side was Mr. Wm. J. Watkins, late associate editor of the *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, and who was appointed by the Convention to travel and hold meetings among the colored people of the State, for the purpose of securing their votes for the Republican ticket. A new paper, *The Voice of the People*, has been started at Albany, by Mr. Stephen Myers, to support this movement. We copy from the first number the following paragraphs, showing the line of argument adopted by the colored Republicans:

"Now that the Convention has adjourned, we feel that the battle is fairly begun. And we call upon every colored voter in the Empire State to vote for the Republican candidates, for the reason set forth in the seventh resolution in the series comprising our platform. There is not the remotest chance of Mr. Smith's election. MORGAN WILL BE THE NEXT GOVERNOR. The Democracy is divided. A house divided against itself must fall. And we, the 11,000 colored voters of the State, must stand just where we can be of some service in the struggle. If we ever gain any political rights, we must look to the Republican party, for that is to be the dominant party. We call upon you, then, if you wish the elective franchise, to work for it in a direction in which your efforts will tell.

"The Democratic organs throughout the State rejoice in the Gerrit Smith nomination, for they know that if he should obtain any considerable number of votes, the Republican party is defeated, and their party is victorious. It is always bad policy in war to follow the advice of the enemy. Again, we will doubtless have a Constitutional Convention for the revision of the Constitution. If the Democrats gain the State, the revision of the Constitution will fall into their hands, and we will, perhaps, never gain the elective franchise. But, on the other hand, if the Republicans are victorious in the coming contest, there is no doubt but that they will, in the Constitutional Convention, strike from the Constitution the odious property qualification clause. If we should vote against the Republican ticket, we should commit suicide, so far as the right of franchise is concerned.

"Let us, then, fellow-citizens, give our votes with the intention of effecting some good. The Radical Abolitionists can do nothing for us now, and we have not time to wait till the millenium for the Right of Suffrage, or for Equal School Rights."

"The Hon. Gerrit Smith is a good and true man as ever the sun shone on; no more honest man ever lived. But our people must remember that Mr. Smith cannot be elected Governor; and, virtually, every vote given for him is given to the Democratic party, which goes against the right of suffrage to colored men in this State."

Whatever may now be said of this argument by the supporters of Mr. Smith, it is the very same by which thousands of the Radical Abolitionists were persuaded to support Mr. Fremont in preference to Mr. Smith in 1856; and Mr. Watkins will find in the files of the paper of which he was at that time associate editor an abundance of the very material he needs in preparing his speeches for the present canvass. If the argument was sound in 1856, it is equally so at the present time, since the state of facts is exactly the same now as it was then.

The Hour and the Man, we observe, denounces Mr. Watkins as the tool of Thurlow Weed and the Albany Regency; for which, we suppose, there is precisely as much ground as there is for the assertion so often in the mouths of Republicans, that Gerrit Smith and his supporters are the tools of the Democrats.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE was destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon, about five o'clock, together with all its contents. There is scarcely a doubt that the flames were lighted by an incendiary. Of all the goods belonging to the Exhibition of the American Institute, some of which were very valuable, scarcely anything was saved. More than 1,000 people were in the building when the fire broke out, and the progress of the flames was so rapid (the pitch-pine floors burning like tinder) that some of them had a narrow escape from death. The Palace was an ornament to the city, and was cherished by the citizens generally with a laudable pride; but some of the property-owners in its vicinity were very anxious that it should be removed or destroyed.

E. H. HEYWOOD, at the request of friends of the cause, will hold himself in readiness to speak for the slave as opportunities may be presented. He has permission to refer to Mrs. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE of Andover, Mass., WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., of Boston, and Rev. Dr. CHEEVER of New York. His post-office address for the present will be Hubbardston, Mass.

To relieve himself of a debt incurred in pursuing his studies, Mr. H. will be glad to speak before Lyceums, if occasion is offered. His subject for the coming winter will be, *Individualism and Institutionalism.*

THE MONTAUK MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

On the first page the reader will find an account of the recent arrival, under suspicious circumstances, of a company of sailors—most of them Portuguese—at Sag Harbor, L. I., and of the subsequent discovery that a vessel—presumed to be a slaver—had been scuttled by them and sunk off Block Island. It turns out that the scuttled vessel was the Haidee, of this city, which sailed from this port several months ago for the coast of Africa, where she took in a cargo of 900 slaves, afterwards landing them at Cardenas, Island of Cuba. There, it seems, the captain left her, and the mate, whose name is McComber, in order to conceal the evidences of the piratical voyage, scuttled her as before related. *The Tribune* of Tuesday gives this further chapter of facts:

"It appears that Marshal Rynders received information, three weeks since, that there were some suspicious circumstances connected with the sinking of the ship, which should be inquired into. He accordingly made Mr. De Angelis, one of his constables, acquainted with the particulars, and sent him to inquire into the matter. Mr. De Angelis shortly reported that the ship had been scuttled, that the crew had gone to different parts of the country, and that one of them had died of the African fever, contracted on the coast of Africa, and was buried at New London. Upon receiving this information, Marshal Rynders sent Maurice O'Keefe and Theodore Rynders, two of his constables, in search of the crew of the vessel, and of the facts connected with the sinking of the ship. They were not long in ascertaining that three of the men they were looking for were in this city. These men were arrested early last week and imprisoned at the Marshal's office. The fact of their arrest was kept a profound secret till yesterday, so that those still at large would not be put on their guard.

"From one of the prisoners, the names of those engaged in the expedition were learned, and from further information from the same source, and upon consultation with Mr. Theodore Sedgwick, the United States District-Attorney, Marshal Rynders concluded to send the deputies, O'Keefe and Rynders, to Boston in search of the remainder of the crew. Arriving there, they found two of them, whom they arrested and placed in the temporary custody of the proper authorities. The officers then proceeded to New Bedford, near which place they arrested the chief mate, who had command of the vessel when she was scuttled. His name is McComber. They found him at his house, near New Bedford, arrested him, and returned to Boston. During their absence, however, the friends of the two arrested in Boston had not been idle. No sooner had O'Keefe and the younger Rynders arrived than they were encountered by some very sociable personages, who were prolific in their advice and disinterested suggestions; so much so, indeed, that the New Yorkers began to 'smell a rat.'

"Their suspicions were right, for they learned shortly afterward that these gentlemen were friends of the slavers, and had even obtained a writ of habeas corpus to serve upon them, for the purpose of having the prisoners brought up. But the New York officers were too sharp for the Bostonian gentlemen. A hack was procured and the deputies and their prisoners jumped in. Jehu cracked his whip, and off they flew to the railroad station, which they reached just in time to take the cars for New York, successfully escaping the service of the writ upon them, and with it, possibly, a great deal of time and trouble. They arrived early on Sunday morning, and at once proceeded to Marshal Rynders's residence in Henry street, woke him up from his sleep, and greeted his opening eyes with a sight of the three prisoners. The Marshal was no time in jumping out of bed and ordering the prisoners to be locked up in Eldridge street jail forthwith, to await examination.

"The Marshal states that the name of the vessel is 'Haidee of New York,' instead of 'Elizabeth of New Orleans,' as was stated a few days ago in the newspapers. This discrepancy is accounted for in the fact that they had nailed a piece of canvas on her stern, upon which was painted, in large letters, 'Elizabeth of New Orleans.'

"It is stated that the crew had some ill-feeling toward the mate, and he was fearful they had evil designs against him. The mate is an American, and the crew was composed mostly of Portuguese. The mate prevailed on them to sail to the north, although they insisted on making the nearest port. They then sailed off Long Island, but dared not attempt to enter any port, as they did not have proper papers.

"The Marshal understands that the remaining portion of the crew have left the country, and he has consequently given up further chase after them. He says he believes he has done his duty in doing what he has."

On Tuesday last, the five men arrested by order of Capt. Rynders were brought before Kenneth G. White, U. S. Commissioner, for examination. One of the prisoners, William King, made a full disclosure of all the facts pertaining to the voyage of the Haidee. His affidavit throws much light upon the way in which the slave trade is carried on from this port, but its length compels us to defer its publication till next week. The examination of the prisoners was not concluded on Tuesday.

HAYTIAN STUDENTS IN PARIS.

WE find the following paragraphs in the *Journal des Debats*, which we translate with pleasure, for a double reason: the names are those of young men of color; and among them are those of families well known and gratefully remembered among Abolitionists who have shared the hospitalities of their Haytian homes:

"Last week the Haytians in Paris (of whom the number is considerable) gave a banquet to their young countrymen who successfully competed for the prizes of the *Sorbonne*, to wit: Messieurs Fénelon Faubert, who took the grand prize of honor; A. Delva, first prize for a Greek theme; and C. Dupuy, an *accessit*. To this banquet were invited also the Professors of the successful candidates, Messieurs Durand, Girard and Boistel. M. Girard, himself a man of color, is one of the very few laureates of the University who have obtained successively at the Sorbonne the two prizes of Rhetoric and Philosophy, and it was a subject of great regret that his absence from Paris prevented his attendance.

"M. Pierre Faubert (whose son took the highest prize, and who was aid-de-camp and private secretary to President Boyer, and an officer of his government to that of France) was chosen to preside at this banquet, and by his side placed were the Professors of the other young men, who were made the objects of the warmest and most cordial sympathy and the most delicate respect.

"M. Audain, one of the promoters of the banquet, a student of medicine at Paris, also a young man of color, delivered a discourse remarkable alike for grandeur of thought and ardent patriotism.

"The following sentiment was offered by the President:

"'Public Education—The surest means to secure the triumph of justice and virtue among men.'

"'To all the noble hearts, to whatever land they belong, who devote themselves to combat error and prejudice by means of wholesome teachings!'

"'Gentlemen' (proceeded M. Faubert), 'the sympathy you testify for these our young compatriots will bear happy fruit. It will give their younger comrades yet in the schools in Paris, and to those who shall hereafter be sent from Hayti to succeed them, to know how earnestly they should strive to profit by the precious time they pass in a land as enlightened as it is liberal, and which lavishes the treasures of its civilization on all the members of the human family, irrespective alike of race or nationality.'

"The young laureates have also previously obtained high success in their respective schools; particularly young Faubert, who received, at the *Lycée* Bonaparte, the prize of honor for Latin composition, the first prize for Latin verses, and the second prize for Latin version."

A BISHOP REBUKED.—We published lately, with brief comments, the admonition officially addressed by Bishop Doane to the Rev. Mr. Carden, an Episcopal clergyman of Philadelphia, who had been guilty of "an act of misbehavior" in inviting a Methodist minister to assist him in administering the communion within the limits of the New Jersey Diocese. We used the incident as an illustration of that zeal for forms which, in sects, usually accompanies, if it does not imply, laxity of morals. Mr. Carden, we believe, has not thought it worth while to reply to the rescript of the haughty Bishop; but *The Protestant Churchman* of this city, which is under the editorship of the Rev. Drs. Tyng, Anthon and Canfield, and speaks the sentiments of the Low Church party, rebukes the New Jersey prelate in very sharp terms, as follows:

"Here is a Bishop who was presented for trial by three of his peers, all of unblemished and exalted reputation, under charges of *grossly immoral conduct, dishonesty and drunkenness.* His accusers declared publicly that they believed him guilty, and stood ready to prove the charges they had brought. He shrunk from an investigation, and by desperate wriggling escaped it, thereby bringing a stigma upon his order.

"*This* Bishop allows one of his own presbyters, in a prominent church in the largest city of his Diocese, *to disgrace the Church by intemperance, and raises no voice of rebuke.* But lo! a presbyter of another Diocese happens in a place of public resort, on the extreme point of a little spur of the State that forms his Diocese, to commit what at most was but a trifling breach of ecclesiastical order, and out comes a ridiculous and empty interdict.

"We say an empty interdict, for what force will it carry? None whatever. No moral force, for its source and character both preclude that. No legal force, for the day has not yet come when a single bishop can make canons, and execute them. When a bishop becomes such an absolute monarch in his Diocese that no presbyter can officiate in it in the smallest act without his consent, it will be refreshing to be made aware of it. We doubt not that the Rev. Mr. Carden will treat the affair with the disrespect it so richly merits."

REFORM IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The Christian Intelligencer, the organ of the Reformed Dutch Church in New York, has a correspondent in Boston who evidently deems it a very essential part of his duty to exalt popular conservatism and disparage reforms. In one of his recent letters he says:

"Massachusetts leads the van in every species of reform. The clergy of all denominations, with some exceptions, are identified with those reforms! Liberty is the watch-word, as it was in the days of Samuel Adams. Anybody that prates of *freedom* now finds listening ears. Infidels and atheists sit in the highest seats of the synagogues, if they are eloquent in denouncing old abuses, and advocating new reforms.

"Wendell Phillips occupies a leading position on all platforms. His eloquence is listened to with high admiration at Anti-Slavery Conventions, Woman's Rights Conventions, Lyceums, and at College Commencements; and, so long as he advocates universal freedom, Christian audiences and clerical admirers tolerate his malignant abuse of the best men of the country, and the great truths of revelation. So Theodore Parker is regarded as an eminent Christian teacher so long as he promulgates that '*half*' of the Gospel which the Tract Society ignores. He, too, is called to edify select audiences at some of our best institutions of learning which were dedicated, in their infancy, to 'Christ and the Church.'

"In this city, the Unitarians and Universalists are the most active advocates of reforms. Some of the Orthodox Congregationalists and Baptists follow them with unequal steps. But the signs of the times indicate some degree of reaction in the state of public opinion, in religion, politics, and reforms."

"The *best* men of the country," in the estimation of this writer, are those who *advocate* "old abuses" and *denounce* "new reforms"—the class, in other words, of whom the Choates, Everetts, Lords, Southside Adamses, Blagdens, etc., are the leaders. According to him, these conservators of genuine piety and morality find Massachusetts "a hard road to travel," "the clergy of all denominations, with some exceptions," being "identified with reforms." In this matter, it seems, the Evangelical clergy follow the Unitarians and Universalists"! But the writer sees signs of a reaction—signs, in other words, that the "religion" which regards slavery as a divine institution, and the "politics" designed to give it an uncontrolled supremacy in the government, are gaining ground in the old Bay State! At present, greatly to his regret, "Liberty is the watchword, as it was in the days of Samuel Adams"; but he hopes to see a time when the people of Massachusetts will adopt better views—when, in other words, they will prefer as their religious guides the open champions of slavery, and select as their representatives in the National Government the men who would make the soil consecrated by the blood of the Revolution a free arena for the slave-hunter! We venture to "guess," however, that the Yankee correspondent of our Dutch cotemporary reads the signs of public opinion in the old Bay State, as he evidently does the New Testament, *backwards*. The people of that Commonwealth, so far from being in a state of reaction from anti-slavery sentiment, are, in our judgment, surely advancing to the conviction that a Church and a Government which lend suppport to slavery, or which can for a moment be at peace with that iniquity, are fit only to be cast down and destroyed.

PERSONAL.

Miss Foley, the Boston sculptor, is finishing a fine bust of Theodore Parker. It is said to bring out the Socratean head of that distinguished gentleman more perfectly than any other of his counterfeit presentments.

The Philadelphia *Press* says: "From what we consider good authority, we hear that Charles Dickens will certainly revisit this country in the spring. His lecturing or rather reading tour through the United Kingdom has hitherto been extremely lucrative, and he calculates on equal success here. There is no doubt that he would draw very large audiences, in many populous places, for Dickens, whatever his faults, is one of the greatest writers of his time, and undoubtedly the most genial."

The Rev. Francis Burns, having been chosen a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Liberia has just come to the United States *to be ordained*. If the Methodist Church were only half as careful to keep her garments clean from the slave's blood as she is to fulfil to the utmost the *ceremonial* requirements of her Discipline, we should not often be called upon to rebuke her shortcomings. Think of the religious zeal which sends a man across the ocean merely to receive ordination as a Bishop, in contrast with that indifference to the "weightier matters of the law" which the Methodist Church exhibits in the open toleration of slavery in her communion!

The Portland *State of Maine* thus alludes to an attempt which it says is being made to punish a prominent Portland minister for his opposition to slavery—notwithstanding he has not obtruded the question politically upon his people:

"We are sorry to learn that Portland is in some danger of losing one of its most valuable citizens; one who, in his profession, does credit to the place, by his talent, his learning, by the blameless purity of his life and manners. We allude to the Rev. Mr. Frothingham, Pastor of the Second Unitarian Church. He is universally admired as a preacher, and as generally esteemed as a man; but he is known to have pretty strong moral objections to the institution of slavery, and has on one or more occasions expressed his sentiments on this subject in eloquent sermons. But it seems that some of his parish think this an improper subject for discussion in a Christian pulpit, and we have understood that some leading members of the First Unitarian Parish have expressed a determination to '*crush out*' anti-slavery from the pulpit."

Captain Townsend, the slaver captain whose Echo was taken away from him, gets a "first-rate notice" in the Boston *Post*:

"Captain Townsend is far from looking the hardened villain one would naturally suppose him to be from his connection with this case. On the contrary, his personal appearance is such that Sylvanus Cobb or any other 'blood and thunder' writer could readily describe in some silly story in such glowing colors as to make a score of silly women 'fall in love' with him. He appeared in Court dressed in the 'latest style,' and with 'each particular hair' on his head in its proper place. He has a lengthy beard and a moustache of a very fine texture, and his features are prepossessing; his hands were encased in pink-colored kids, and he occasionally busied himself in taking notes of the testimony; he seemed at times a little nervous. At the conclusion of the testimony, he spoke with two or three of the officers of the Dolphin, requesting them to call on him, and stating his hours for the 'reception' of visitors."

The Boston Advertiser publishes the subjoined letter from the Hon. Charles Sumner to a gentleman of Boston.

"AIX, SAVOY, Sept. 11, 1858.

"Look at the map of Europe, and you will find, nestling in the mountains of Savoy between Switzerland and France, the little village of Aix, generally known as Aix-les-Bains, from the baths which give it fame. There I am now. The country about is most beautiful, and the people simple and kind.

"My life is devoted to my health. I wish that I could say that I am not still an invalid; but, except when attacked by the pain on my chest, I am now comfortable, and enjoy my baths, my walks, and the repose and incognito which I find here.

"I begin the day with *douches*, hot and cold; and when thoroughly exhausted, am wrapped in sheet and blanket, and conveyed to my hotel and laid on my bed. After my walk, I find myself obliged again to take to my bed for two hours before dinner. But this whole treatment is in pleasant contrast with the protracted sufferings from fire which made my summer a torment. And yet I fear that I must return again to that treatment.

"It is with a pang unspeakable that I find myself thus arrested in the labors of life and in the duties of my position. This is harder to bear than the fire. I do not hear of friends engaged in active service—like Trumbull in Illinois—without a feeling of envy.

* * * * * * * * *

"CHARLES SUMNER."

CHILDREN'S CONVENTION.

OUR readers will remember the letter of "UNCLE JOSEPH" to the Children of Longwood (Pa.) and vicinity, which we recently published, inviting them to a Convention appointed for their special benefit. Of that Convention we find the following report in the West Chester *Jeffersonian*, and we publish it because we know that we shall thereby give pleasure to many of the most intelligent readers of THE STANDARD.

CHILDREN'S CONVENTION AT LONGWOOD.

These meetings of Mr. Dugdale have grown to be an institution among the little folks. The Convention at Longwood on Saturday was a great occasion, and by eleven o'clock the house [of the Progressive Friends] was literally packed and a great many unable to get in. About two-thirds of the audience were children from seven to fourteen years, and a brighter looking company of youngsters I never looked upon. I found, by conversation with the multitude, that the little chaps were on hand from several of the surrounding Counties. West Chester was largely represented. After a few preliminary words from "Uncle Joseph," as

than he was on this and other [similar] occasions," and declares his conviction that it is owing to his own "prudence and compassion that Bennett is this day permitted to walk Broadway, with his long ears on his Scotch shoulders." "Here's richness for you," of a quality which could scarcely be surpassed. H. W. G.

THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION.

WORCESTER, Mass., Oct. 1, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE twelfth Annual Meeting of the American Missionary Association has just closed its sessions in this city. As this Association is the attempt of professed anti-slavery adherents upon orthodoxy to clear their skirts of the crime of complicity with slaveholders, its general proceedings are of necessary interest to Abolitionists.

The meetings have been well attended, and much of the speaking of quite an interesting character. Rev. John G. Fee of Kentucky and Rev. Daniel Worth of North Carolina were the most attractive speakers of the meeting, inasmuch as they seemed the most in earnest, the most clear-sighted in their criticisms of the pro-slavery character of the American Church, and the most radical in their applications of truth. It was really refreshing to hear them pour out the burden of their souls against the sum of all villanies. Many other speakers were present from various parts of the North, prominent among whom were Prof. Cowles of Oberlin, O., Rev. Mr. Bascom of Illinois, Rev. Mr. Thurston of Maine, Rev. S. S. Joselyn and Lewis Tappan of your city. Whenever any of these speakers came to the delinquency of the American Board, they made a clear statement and uncompromising application; but so far as any withdrawment from Christian connection, fellowship and harmony with those who sustain the Board and Tract Society was concerned, they were all, save Brothers Fee and Worth, utterly silent, and oftimes their talk abounded in and amounted to *twaddle*.

Among the fourteen resolutions adopted by the meeting, the seventh and eighth, as follows, are perhaps the only ones of interest to us as Abolitionists:

7. Resolved, That as American slavery is one of the greatest obstructions to the conversion of the world, it behooves the Church of Christ to bear an unequivocal testimony against it, and that the silence of the pulpit, ecclesiastical bodies, Missionary Boards, Bible and Tract Societies, and individual professors of religion, wherever it exists, with reference to this stupendous wrong, is a reproach to the country, dishonorary to Christianity, and evidence of defection in religion in those who thus cruelly ignore the rights and sufferings of their fellow-men in bondage.

8. Resolved, That we mourn over the obstacles that are thrown in the way of human salvation, not alone by the open enemies of Christ, but by many of his professed followers, and would especially mention, as subjects of humiliation and grief, the policy of the American Tract Society and the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, namely the refusal of the Tract Society to publish tracts on the sinfulness of slavery, and the acquiescence of the Board, for so many years, while their missionaries among the Choctaws and the Cherokees have been avowing pro-slavery sentiments, and preaching a pro-slavery gospel, until it is seriously proposed to abandon the mission on account of the "difficulties" that have occurred under such missionary labor; a policy on the part of the Tract Society and the American Board that must, wherever it is understood, astonish the friends of freedom and righteouesness thrcughout the world.

This Association, having been organized in opposition to the A. B. C. F. M. because of its aid and comfort to slaveholders, and on the platform of a "discountenance of slavery by refusing to receive the known fruits of unrequited labor" into their treasury, or slaveholders into their membership or service, could do no less than to say this much as to the guilt of the American Board and its supporters in the American Church. And yet Abolitionists are anxious to know of these "Evangelical Christians," who say that the defence of slavery on the part of the Church is "evidence of defection in religion," how great a "defection" they consider it? Rev. Mr. Thurston of Maine, who preached the annual sermon, told us therein that piety without humanity was rather poor stuff; but he took equal pains to tell us that humanity without piety was poorer still. Now, we would like to know which is Christianity? and Mr. Thurston tells us that it takes both piety and humanity to make complete and perfect Christianity, and yet he seemed to admit that piety alone might be the real thing, but of a "defective" sort, while humanity alone could not be anything but infidelity. By "piety" they undoubtedly mean a profession of "evangelical sentiments," and these, the Association tell us officially, consist of a belief in the lost condition of man, the divinity of Christ, the atonement, the eternal punishment of the wicked, &c. And these they make the first test of membership in the Association, and the fact of being a non-slaveholder the second. But while a man must believe theoretically in these dogmas to be a member with them, they require no theoretic belief in humanity as a qualification for membership, and, for aught that appears to the contrary, a person may be in good membership with them who believes theoretically in the rightfulness of slaveholding and in its scriptural origin and endorsement too, provided he does not put his theory into actual practice. And this view of their position is justified by the invitation they extended to their communionable, which was spread on the afternoon of the last day of the meeting, for in this invitation they took special pains to specify that they desired none but "evangelical Christians," but wholly omitted to indicate that they intended to exclude slaveholders even, much less their apologists or defenders.

Thus it would seem clear that they esteem a belief in a slaveholding religion as real Christianity, but of a "defective" kind, yet not of so defective a character as to require their exclusion, while a belief in liberal theology is a defect that cannot be tolerated or fellowshipped at all.

Here is the great defect of the American Church; it elevates theoretic belief above a practical Christian life, and so evangelical slaveholders are endorsed by them as Christians, while unevangelical men, whose lives are as nearly like Christ's as human life can be, are not to be considered Christians at all. And the American Missionary Association seem not to have arisen beyond this fatal error and heresy; for, although they cannot cooperate with these defective Christians in missionary labors, they have made no direct attempt to withdraw Christian fellowship from them.

Mr. Fee of Kentucky, in one of his addresses, took the bold and consistent ground of "no union with slave holders" ecclesiastically, charged upon the Northern Church a responsibility for slavery while they remained in ecclesiastical fellowship with slaveholders or their abettors, and advocated the duty of secession, himself professing to be a come-outer, first from Lane Seminary, then from the Presbyterian and last from the Methodist Church. But, alas! Mr. Fee aided in the administration of the sacrament on this occasion, where unevangelical believers were specially excluded, while practical doers of unrighteousness were not excluded, except by implication. Justice to Mr. Fee requires it to be said, however, that in private conversation, afterwards, he admitted the inconsistency of this action with his avowed position, and said that he was willing to recognize any man as a Christian who lived the Christian life, whatever might be his belief, even though he were a Unitarian or Universalist, while he should exclude from the Christian name and fellowship all who were unchristian in life, like the slaveholders and their abettors. This seems better; and if the American Church could be brought to this Christian position, how soon would the land be cleansed of slavery and all its abominations. But so long as they recognize as Christians the Priest and Levite who pass by on the other side, because they *are* evangelical, and also the robbers themselves for the same reason, and refuse to recognize the "humane" Samaritan as a Christian because he is *not* evangelical, so long will the American Church continue to be the bulwark of American slavery.

But perhaps a decided and consistent action, in connection with a clear and unequivocal testimony, is too much to expect of those who have so long twaddled about evangelicism in the sloughs of the American religion. Even Dr. Cheever fails here, for, while he bears a glorious testimony against the slaveholding sins of the American Board, he is still laboring in its support, even urging the converts of the late revival to pay off the old debt of the Board, as "a free-will offering of gratitude and love from these subjects of the grace of God." Now, if slaveholding is of the devil, and the Board has been as diligent in promulgating it as Dr. Cheever has so clearly shown it to have been, why, in Heaven's name, should he be urging "the subjects of the grace of God" to pay for doing the devil's work, that the Board have been doing on credit? "Let the dead bury their dead," Dr. Cheever, "and follow *thou* me," is the voice of Jesus.

But how we all thank God that Dr. Cheever has taken hold of the Board at all, and *The Independent* too! The editors may "pitch into him" as they choose, but they can't serve their "Special Contributor" as they did our friend Parker Pillsbury, a few years ago. They could villify him, as they did, because of his expositions of the wickedness of the Board, *ad libitum*, and then close their columns against any reply or proof of the truth of his criticisms. But Dr. Cheever cannot be thus shut out. His rejoinder in this week's *Independent** is able and worthy of his pen, and it is quite refreshing to see him give the editors the lie so directly and handsomely. They will have to prove their assertions now or retract them; they cannot skulk this time as they did before, for Dr. Cheever's relations to them give him the power to hold them to the proof. God speed the work. J. A. H.

*See first page.—EDITOR.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

THE undersigned, who have, for so many years, done what they could to promote the ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE, financially and otherwise, through the medium of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, will, as usual, hold their (twenty-fifth) Anniversary at the close of the year, with the same purpose of still further strengthening the beneficial influences of that Society, moral, religious and political, for the extinction of slavery.

At the beginning, before the principles of the cause were understood, we could not, with the slightest hope of success, ask of the public, whose affair it is no less than our own, direct contributions of money. We therefore devised an Annual Bazaar for the sale of contributions of articles; and it afforded an opportunity of great usefulness, both financial and social, to the cause.

But the changed state of the public mind now suggests greater directness in the method and increase in the usefulness of this anniversary; and we propose, this year, to give our usual sums and take up our accustomed collections by direct cash subscription; and we entreat the friends, both at home and abroad, who have been wont to coöperate with us, to do the same, nothing doubting the result will much exceed the sum ($3,000) raised last year.

To our Southern friends we present this prospect with increased hope of their coöperation in consequence. For, as none better than they know what slavery and the daily increasing risks of its tenure are, so none have a deeper concern in seeking the most effectual means of putting an end to this common sin and suffering of our native land.

The money we have annually raised has been hitherto employed to sustain the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society. But, following the recent indication of the Executive Committee, in making individual efforts to place that paper on a self-supporting subscription basis, we shall enable them to devote the result of our *joint* financial effort to sustain eloquent and faithful lecturers, now so much needed, and in far greater numbers than heretofore.

By this plan we may accomplish double the amount of service to our cause, and thus furnish its friends and our own with a two-fold motive to continue and increase their contributions.

No words from us at this late day are needed to stimulate a *prudent* generosity by description of all the means that go to change the mind and the heart of a great nation on the central question of its policy; or to kindle a *sublime* one by commendation of a cause identified with every thought that is ennobling and holy, with every hope that is august and magnificent, with every memory that is precious and sainted, with every idea that is consoling and beautiful, with every effort that is enlightening and beneficent, with every association that history, or poetry, or patriotism, or philanthropy, or Christianity, or life or death, have sanctified and blessed.

We cordially and respectfully invite the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, *the world over*, to meet with us at the close of the year (time and place named hereafter), to receive our subscriptions, our good wishes and our thanks; and to unite with us on an occasion which, as the end of one quarter of a century of labours and the beginning of another, will be of no ordinary commemorative interest and prospective significance to the CAUSE.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,	LYDIA D. PARKER,
MARY MAY,	ELIZA F. EDDY,
LOUISA LORING,	ABBY FRANCIS,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,	SARAH RUSSELL MAY,
L. MARIA CHILD,	ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
ANNE WARREN WESTON,	EVELINA A. S. SMITH,
MARY GRAY CHAPMAN,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	AUGUSTA G. KING,
SARAH SHAW RUSSELL,	ELIZABETH VON ARMIN,
FRANCES MARY ROBBINS,	ANNA SHAW GREENE,
CAROLINE WESTON,	ELIZA H. APTHORP,
MARY WILLEY,	MATTIE GRIFFITH,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
SUSAN C. CABOT,	ANNE LANGDON ALGER.

POLITICS.

J. S. Pike, of Calais, Me., formerly the Washington correspondent (J. S. P.) of *The Tribune*, and one of the ablest champions of the Republican party, made a political speech, just before the recent election in Maine, which *The Tribune* warmly commended as sound in premise and conclusion. Mr. Pike, after laying down the Republican creed, said:

"Now, gentlemen, none of the positions of this discourse have anything whatever to do with technical abolition. Every doctrine I hold and advance can be *logically* and *consistently* held by any South Carolina or Virginia statesman, holding slaves and *opposing emancipation in the States.*"

The anti-slavery of the Republican party, according to this, must be an infinitessimal quantity. How little have Abolitionists to hope from such a party!

The Democratic papers tell some bitter truths as well as many lies about the Republicans. The following paragraph from the *Ohio Patriot* must, we think, be put in the first category:

"There was a time when we heard much of the panting and hunted slave—of the iniquitous and unholy law that returned him and crushed every hope of freedom—of that stain on the statute book of our Republic, black and damned as the spot in the mind of Macbeth's royal murderess—when in fact we heard little else from Republican tongue or pen than stereotyped and fearful denunciations of the Fugitive Slave law. They promised to repeal it. They could not have done less than make the effort. Their members in Congress made no attempt to that end. The people endorsed the same members of Congress and their silence on the Fugitive law by returning them. As a party they have abandoned every idea of its repeal. Keep it before the people that the Republican party promised to have the Fugitive Slave law repealed, and afterwards, having a majority in Congress, they did not even introduce a bill for that purpose—and that now they recognize that hitherto odious statute as one of the settled laws of the country."

THE CAPTURED SLAVES AT CHARLESTON.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE proper remedy in this case would have been, in the judgment of the writer, for government to have apportioned some part of the Public Lands, for the time being, for the use and benefit of these sufferers, where they could have been relieved and instructed for the present, with a view to their future well-being; and where the sympathies of their true friends, north and south, east and west, would have been available without expense to government. This would have been *Justice* to the government and *Mercy* to the slaves; and would have more directly effected the end of *Christian Philanthropy*.

Respectfully, A FRIEND TO HUMANITY.

OLD CLOTHES.

CHILDREN'S AID SOCIETY, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York, Oct. 6th, 1858.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

HAVE any of your readers ever thought how many a shivering little body their old clothes might cover this next winter?

We could make use of a house-full of old coats, dresses and under-clothes for the army of poor children who come under our knowledge; and if any can make new clothes, it will be pleasant, in giving, to think that they start (with those gifts) some poor boy or girl in a better life.

If in the City, the address can be sent to our office, and we will have the clothes called for.

THE PRINTER.—A very well written and beautifully executed quarto monthly newspaper comes to our office by this name. It is a decided hit and success, and is worthy of the intelligent profession of which it is an organ. Every printer, and especially every young printer, ought to take and read it. It is pleasant to go among all the arts and human labors and see men at honest and useful work; but the printer is the torch-bearer in the grand procession of humanity, and throws his splendid light far into "Chaos and Old Night."—*Christian Inquirer.*

We join most heartily in this commendation of *The Printer*, which unites a refined literary taste with great beauty of typography.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 749, is the commencement of a new volume. The contents are varied and excellent, as usual. New York: Stanford & Delisser, 508 Broadway.

DR. CHEEVER'S article on the complicity of the American Board with slavery, which we copy from *The Independent* of last week, is a bold and manly vindication of the truth, for which he will receive the thanks of every uncompromising friend of freedom. It is refreshing to find such a testimony in a journal whose *editorial* columns are under the control of ecclesiastical tricksters, who, with their mouths full of anti-slavery professions, have long taken an active part in covering up the iniquity of the Board. Dr. Cheever throws the broad light of truth upon the shuffling policy so long pursued in the management of the Board, and brings the question at issue to the test of Christian principles. The charge made against him by the editors of *The Independent*, viz., that in a former article he had "poured out mistaken malediction against the missionaries" in the Indian Territory, he declares to be "simply and absolutely false"; an example of plain speaking which is more than commendable.

ANTI-TOBACCO TRACTS.—We have received from the Rev. George Trask, of Fitchburg, Mass., the indefatigable talker and writer against Tobacco, a package of tracts, written by himself, of which we give the titles as follows:

Is the Common Use of Tobacco a Sin? An Appeal to the 30,000 Clergymen in the United States.
The Christian a Slave to Tobacco!
Rum and Tobacco! An Appeal to Temperance Men.
How shall I Drop Tobacco, and not suffer Death, or something worse?
The Young Convert and a Cigar; or Twenty Reasons for Dropping Tobacco.
A Christian Selling Tobacco! To a Christian Storekeeper who asks, "Is it Immoral and Sinful to sell Tobacco?"
Amount and Cost of Tobacco.
A Word in Defence of Tobacco.

These tracts are well calculated not only to convince the users of Tobacco of the evils of the practice, but to warn the young against falling into a pernicious habit. Those who wish to promote a good and much-neglected cause should send a donation to Mr. Trask to encourage him in his arduous work. He will be glad to furnish the tracts, at a moderate cost, for general distribution.

Summary.

Messrs. Lincoln and Douglas have, in their discussions, given sketches of their own and each other's lives. It appears that while Douglas has been a gross sinner, Lincoln has been a *grocer.—Louisville Journal.*

The Postmaster-General has ordered that "supplements" or "extras" folded within the regular issues of daily or weekly journals—not actual and *bona fide* editions of such publications, conveying intelligence of passing events and general intelligence—subject the whole package to letter postage.

GOING TO LIBERIA.—It is stated that thirty or more colored families, residing in this city and vicinity, have organized themselves under the title of the "Cambridge Liberian Emigration Association," for the purpose of emigrating to Liberia. Some forty or more of these persons hope to embark in the Colonization ship Mary Caroline Stevens, the first of November prox.—*Boston Post, Sept. 28th.*

DECAY OF HUMBUG.—The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, in session at Washington, has received reports of the state of the Order in the United States for the past year. The only States which report a positive prosperity are New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri and Louisiana, and Canada West. In Canada East the Order has died out; in New York it makes no progress; while in Virginia and Kentucky there is a perceptible falling off.

A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.—A committee with this title has been established in Shelby County, Ky. They order white men and free negroes, who are concerned in evil deeds, to leave the county within three days. Any property belonging to a white man is to be appraised by three disinterested persons, and the price paid over, after such person has been directed to leave the county. Slaves who are vicious must be removed also from Shelby County by their masters.

THE SHABBIEST OF DEVILS.—

There are many devils that walk this world,
Devils great and devils small,
Devils with tails and devils without;
Devils who whisper, devils who shout,
Devils who mystify, devils who teach,
But the CALUMNY DEVIL—as hard to reach
As the snail, who, now safe on some distant beach
Is digesting the core of my favorite peach—
Is the shabbiest devil of all!—*Dickens.*

COL. FREMONT'S ESTATE—CALIFORNIA JUSTICE.—The Sheriff of Mariposa County, California, is quite an original in his way. He was directed by the Supreme Court of the State to eject certain occupants of the Pine Tree Vein, and to restore the vein to Col. Fremont in its original state. He declines ousting the trespassers, and defends his position in a written document, stating that as the shaft has been sunk a few feet lower, and has been made something wider, he cannot restore it in its original state, and will, therefore, do nothing about it.

One James Thorp, a colored individual, and also a teamster in Newark, has fallen upon pleasant lines. A gentleman appeared in that part of Jersey, last week, on a mission to discover a James Thorp, who was entitled to an estate of $75,000, left by a planter in North Carolina. The teamster turns out to be the man. He was born on the estate, but was sent North to be educated, had his schooling at Norristown, Pa., is married, and is said to be industrious and worthy.—*N. Y. Times.*

A BREAK DISCOVERED IN THE ATLANTIC CABLE.—The workmen employed in cutting up the cable in the machine-shop at the Brooklyn Navy Yard found a break, a short time since, in the communicating copper wire, about three eighths of an inch long, through which the saw passed in the solid gutta percha, showing that the disconnection must have occurred during the process of manufacture, and therefore leading to the very great probability that other similar lesions may have occurred in other parts of the cable. What have the electricians to say in regard to this fact, which is reliably authenticated?—*N. Y. Times, 29th ult.*

PROPOSED INTERNATIONAL CELEBRATION.—The Canadian papers are urging an international celebration, to be held on the 13th of September, 1859, the one hundredth anniversary of the battle of Quebec, by which the power of France in the northern part of this continent was extinguished. The Portland *Advertiser of Maine*, in seconding this proposition, indulges in pleasing visions. It says: "It would be an imposing spectacle to see the Queen of England and the Emperor of France meet on the plains of Abraham and exchange friendly salutations on the spot where, one hundred years before, Wolfe and Montcalm fell in battle. The great steamship might be finished and put in requisition for the Imperial visiters, and the completion of the Victoria Bridge made coincident in point of time."

STATISTICS OF RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—A careful comparison of the number of passengers in the five countries which possess the most extensive systems of railways—England, United States, Prussia, France and Belgium—with the number of those who suffered death from railway accidents, and the number of seriously wounded, gives the following result: There was one person injured in the United States out of 188,459 passengers; in England out of 311,345; in France out of 375,092; in Belgium out of 1,611,237; in Prussia out of 3,294,075. This calculation is contained in a report drawn up by a commission appointed for the purpose by the French Government.

ANTI-SLAVERY PUBLICATIONS.—Rev. J. L. Lame, of the Philadelphia Conference, who was driven from his circuit in Maryland, because he wrote anti-slavery articles for *Zion's Herald*, is about to publish, in pamphlet form, an account of his expulsion. This will be a new and interesting chapter in the annals of border Methodism.

Rev. J. McCarter, of the same Conference, and author of "Border Methodism and Border Slavery," is preparing a volume on the relations of Methodism to slavery in that region.—*Northern Independent.*

KIDNAPPING.—Considerable excitement was created at St. Augustine, Fla., Sept. 4th, by a supposed case of kidnapping of a boy from Charleston, and his being offered for sale at St. Augustine as a slave. He is about fifteen years old, claims to be white and free, and says he is a son of Philip Ordeel, a tailor, in Charleston. He says that two summers ago, at Charleston, he was enticed on board a steamboat by two strangers, locked up in a room, landed at Savannah, sold to a negro-trader, and has since been sold several times, until he finally reached Florida. A writ of habeas corpus has been granted by Judge Putnam of the Circuit Court, Eastern District, Florida, on the application of two citizens of St. Augustine.—*N. O. Picayune.*

SERIOUS ODDITY.—A Presiding Elder in Walker Co., Ala., was examining an applicant for a preaching license—one who felt ambitious at 'splaining and 'spounding the Scriptures. "Brother," said our friend, the Presiding Elder, "are you a Unitarian or a Trinitarian?

After studying awhile—repeating in undertone, "U-n-i-t-a-ri-a-n—T-r-i-n-i-t-a-r-i-a-n"—the applicant answered:

"Well, I always voted the *Union* ticket, and I'm a *Union* man; so, I reckon I'm a Unitarian."

The Quarterly Conference didn't think it a *safe case;* though the brother is on hand, on election days, for saving the Union.—*Southern Methodist paper.*

A NEW DICTIONARY.—The Philological Society of England have appointed two Committees, literary and historical, to prepare a new dictionary of the English language. The Literary Committee consists of the Dean of Westminster, the Rev. Dr. Trench, Mr. Furnivall and Mr. H. Coleridge; and the Historical and Etymological Committee is composed of Mr. Wedgewood, Prof. Malden, and another not yet named. The former of these Committees will edit the dictionary, and the general working of the scheme; and arrangements have been made for an early publication in parts.

The Dictionary is to contain all the words used in the English language. The etymological department is intended to be thorough. Volunteer co-operation is invited, and the result will probably be a book worthy of the design.

FEMALE PREACHERS.—At the Universalist General Convention at Providence, R. I., last Thursday, the Hon. John Galbraith, of Pennsylvania, submitted the following:

"Resolved, That we hear with satisfaction and gratitude the fact that within the past year letters of fellowship have been received by a lady [Rev. Lydia Ann Jenkins], and that we recognize the right of woman found possessing high moral and intellectual attainments promptly to aid in the work of preaching the doctrines of Christian Universalism, to receive letters of fellowship, and engage in the work of the Ministry; and that it be recommended that our public schools and colleges be opened for females on equal terms with males."

The resolution was put on its passage, and lost. Yeas, 13; Nays, 21. It is the first time, we believe, that the propriety of preaching by women has ever been considered in an ecclesiastical body in this country.—*Tribune.*

"BRESS DER LOR'!"—The Boston correspondent of the Nashua *Register* was somewhat amused at a colored meeting in this city, a few evenings since. The minister, a mouse-colored gentleman from abroad, said he should like to say a few words before he began. "Perhaps you want to know who I are." He then proceeded to say that some three years ago he was in this city trying to raise fifteen hundred dollars to buy his wife and children, then in slavery. "I raised the money, bress de Lor'!" He then went to St. Louis—"found my folks, bress der Lor'!" but they had recently been sick, and the owner refused to give them up unless thirty-eight dollars, the physician's bill, was forthcoming. The mouse-colored gent then went to Chicago, fell in with friends, and returned to St. Louis with the whole amount. "But, bress der Lor'!" he shouted at the top of his stentorian voice, "when I got dar de ole woman an' de childers had run off, and got to Canada, bress der Lor'! and I se got de fifteen hun'ud an' thirty-eight dollars in de bank, bress der Lor'!"

He made a very familiar use of the phrase, "Bress der Lor'!" When the congregation, as is customary, marched up to the altar to contribute to the collection, the minister said, "Will de brudders give way and let de sisters pass up; give 'em room'—you know dey wants a deal wid der big hoops—bress der Lor'!"

TOO APPROPRIATE A TEXT.—A good story was told us, lately, of a popular preacher in the town of H——, in Pennsylvania, which we shall take the liberty of reproducing. It appears the minister had been wedded to a most worthy lady, whose first gift was a dowry of ten thousand dollars, with the promise of as much more upon the decease of her invalid parent. Shortly after marriage, while occupying the pulpit, he chanced to give out a hymn, the fifth verse of which commenced—

"Forever let my grateful heart,"

His words paused—he coughed slightly—then adding, "The choir will omit the fifth verse," sat down with something like a nervous haste. With curiosity excited at this conduct of their minister, the congregation smiled *some* as they read:

"Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives *ten thousand* blessings now,
And bids me *hope for more.*"

—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION VINDICATED.—The speech of Rev. Mr. Bleby on West India Emancipation is worth ten times the price asked for it. It is the sunlight shed down upon the history of the great event of which it treats, and cannot fail to awaken gratitude to God that he is again vindicating the right. Mr. Bleby is a Wesleyan missionary, at present, in Barbadoes; and no man is better able to speak upon the workings of emancipation than he is, having been upon those islands for more than twenty-seven years.

This masterly speech, so worthy to be preserved as matter of history, and as a work of reference, has been issued in pamphlet form, and is now on sale at this office. It will be at the Western Conferences to a limited extent, and may be had by sending to this office. Price, 40 cents a dozen, postpaid to any part of the country. As but a small edition has been issued, friends will need be active in supplying themselves. Send on your orders at once.—*Syracuse True Wesleyan.*

STEWART'S.—The marble palace of A. T. Stewart & Co. has lately been enlarged and it is now probably the most spacious and the handsomest store of the kind in the world. With its dimensions thus extended, it is 175 feet deep and 165 feet wide. 350 men are employed in it; 100 sewing-machines are kept constantly busy, and 150 women earn their daily bread by taking work from the establishment. Carpets from Persia, England and France, shawls from Cashmere and from China, silks from all the celebrated manufactories of Europe, certain draperies and *curtains* furniture from Paris, and exquisite laces from Brussels and Mechlin, are here brought together as if by a fairy wand. But what is of still more interest, at least to the reflecting visitor, is the multitudinous assemblage of humanity—men, women and children—numbering between five and six thousand, who daily throng this immense bazaar, and weary the attentive salesmen with their various errands of business or of fashionable extravagance and pleasure. What a story for the moralist opens here!—*Evening Post.*

A BABOON AT LIBERTY—GREAT EXCITEMENT!—Yesterday forenoon, a very large and powerful ape, which has been in a cage for several days past at the freight depot in this city, escaped therefrom, and ran off through the streets of the city. In a few moments the animal was followed by an excited crowd of men and boys and dogs, who pursued the baboon, and attempted to capture him, but the animal bounded along before his pursuers, jumping fences, climbing trees and swimming the creek, leaving his followers far in the rear. Sometimes he would permit them to approach him, but no one dared to seize him, although a long chain was suspended from his neck, which greatly impeded his progress. One small boy, who ventured too near the ape, was severely bitten, and several others, who were careless, were thrown down and hurt by the crowd.

The animal was finally captured a mile or two beyond the south bounds of the city, and placed in a wagon and brought back.—*Syracuse Standard.*

A FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE.—Our colored population was thrown into a state of considerable excitement day before yesterday, by the report that two fugitives from Missouri, who arrived on one of the morning trains, were pursued, and had been traced to a house in Madison street by their pursuers. Immediate steps were taken for their rescue; and while the bloodhounds on their track were watching the house, the pursued made their escape through the back door, and were taken to the house of a resident on South Wells street, where they were concealed till dark, when they received a ticket on the Underground Railroad, and by this time are rejoicing in Canada. The parties are a man about 30 years of age, an intelligent mulatto, and his wife, about 19 years of age, quite light and good looking. They escaped some time since, and had been pursued for nearly two weeks, $700 having been offered for their recapture. The pursuers passed them once, and had got some three hundred miles in advance, before they discovered their mistake.—*Chicago Democrat.*

COLORED SCHOOLS IN OHIO.—W. S. Bailey, editor of *The Free South*, is travelling in Ohio and Indiana. He writes to his paper as follows:

"In our brief tour thus far (Richmond, Ind.) we visited the colored school at Harveysburg, Ohio, and were astonished to see the elegant penmanship of the scholars. The teachers are one white man and one colored, whose name we do not now recollect. In Xenia the colored people have erected a most beautiful brick church and are hastening the completion of the inside carpenter-work, painting, &c. At the Wilberforce University, a beautiful place, situated about three miles northeast of Xenia, O., are about one hundred pupils, mainly the children of Southern slaveholders. It is somewhat strange to see that slaveholders are, in the main, anxious to extend slavery over free territory, and yet are glad to send their children into free States to be educated. (To save them this trouble, they should pass a law for all the children of slaveholders to have free access to the public or private schools in the Southern States.) The children, however, are not to blame for their condition, and we are proud to see the sweeping progress they are making in learning under the superintendence of Professor R. S. Rust, a most amiable gentleman of Manchester, N. H. May his philanthropy and devotion to the equality of mind receive the approbation and co-operation of all good people!"

THE AUTHENTIC STORY OF THE COMET—ITS GROWING BRIGHTNESS.—Mr. W. C. Bond writes of the comet from his telescopic perch in Cambridge Observatory:

Donati's comet will, in a few days, appear to increase rapidly in size and brilliancy. It will be nearest the earth on the 9th of October, at which time its brilliancy will be nearly three times as great as on the 23d of September, and its distance from us about fifty-two millions of miles.

According to Mr. Hall's computation, the tail of this comet, on the 23d inst., extended to the length of fifteen millions of miles. The nucleus will be near the bright star Arcturus, Oct. 5th, and nearest the earth's orbit on the 20th.

Some confusion seems to prevail in regard to there being two comets, similar in appearance, now visible to the naked eye, but such is not the case. Donati's, which is seen in the north-west after sunset, is the same which has been seen in the north-east before sunrise in the morning. This is owing to the considerable northern declination of the comet, with a right ascension differing but little from that of the sun. I mention this because I have had several letters from different parts of the country, making the inquiry whether there are two comets now to be seen by the naked eye.

Encke's comet is barely visible to the naked eye. Tuttle's third comet of 1858 can now be seen only with the assistance of a telescope. W. C. BOND.

Harvard College Observatory, Sept. 25.

CHURCH-YARD LITERATURE.—Mr. Editor: Rambling the other day in an old church-yard in Green's Farms, Connecticut, I was amused at the quaintness and oddity of some of the inscriptions that met my eye; and although this kind of literature has been often brought before the eye of the living, yet I venture to send you two or three additional specimens. They are as follows:

"Here lyes Buried ye Body of Mr. Joseph Wakeman, who Departed this Life Septr. ye 23 A D 1762 in ye 59th Year of His Age.

"Here lies Joseph Wakeman in expectation of the Last Day—what sort of a man He was that day will discover."

(ON A YOUNG LADY.)

"Death was to Envy Reposing
The Bud is open'd to Shew the Rose
The Cage is Broke to let Her fly
And Build her Happy nest on High."

"In memorie of Captain Thos. Nash, Jr., Deacon of ye Church of Christ in this Place, who Died August 24, A D 1769, aged 61 yeares wanting 12 dayes.

"Here appears the Place of bones, of Gashfull Skulls and monumental stones, inscribed with Grinning Deaths on rural Thrones, but stop the Hearse, this is the destined Place where lies this ancient Body in the dust, thou yarning Grave profound receive thy prey and feed thy worms on this Delicious clay. Throw on ye Earth, how piercing is the sound, weep on Dear friends an ease the wounde, this kind relief the social passions crave, Jesus himself wept at a good man's Grave."

THE INTRODUCTION OF COTTON INTO THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.—The Baton Rogue *Advocate* has a letter dated Chapel Hill, Tenn., August 10, written, as we learn from the *Advocate*, by a gentleman who was formerly a citizen of Louisiana, and at one time filled a high office in her government, from which we extract the annexed passage:

"The person is still living who saw the first sack of cotton seed brought into the Mississippi Valley. It was introduced by Daniel Clark, father of Mrs. Gen. Gaines, who was a native of Ireland, a Spanish subject, and acting as Consul for the United States at the port of New Orleans. It was imported expressly for Mr. Bringier, a wealthy planter, on the right bank of the river a few miles below Donaldsonville. Mr. Bringier had also the first cotton gin imported. The cotton seed was distributed to such planters, up and down the coast, as desired to try the experiment, and in the fall of the year, when it was picked, Mr. B. sent his son, Louis Bringier, the present venerable Surveyor-General of Louisiana, with a large and gang of negroes to collect it for the purpose of being ginned. The cotton was raised and ginned upon shares, and when bagged was sent to Daniel Clark, for exportation. Mr. Bringier told me he had gone up as far as Baton Rogue and Pointe Coupee, gathering cotton to be ginned at his father's place below Donaldsonville. This was in the latter part of the last and at the beginning of the present century."

ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.—We learn that E. H. Heywood spoke on American Slavery, on Sunday evening, Sept. 12th, in the Orthodox meeting-house in Hubbardston; and that a very large audience, including one or more of the ministers of the place, attended. His remarks gave rise to a discussion of much interest.

On Sunday evening, Sept. 19th, Mr. Heywood spoke on the same subject at the Wesleyan Methodist meeting-house in Leicester. His remarks were preaced by the reading of suitable Scripture passages, and a prayer offered by the Rev. Mr. Bullock, the pastor. Rev. Mr. Coolidge, of the Orthodox Congregational church, omitted his customary evening service, and, with many of his people, attended Mr. Heywood's lecture. Mr. H. spoke in a calm, argumentative and very earnest manner. He urged the duty of the Church to treat slaveholding, and all connected with it, as sinful in the highest degree, and to act in all circumstances, and towards all persons guilty of this great sin, with at least the same stringency they would use in dealing with errors of belief. He was at times very eloquent, and his hearers appeared much interested.—*N—Liberator.*

A BOY-MURDERER TO BE HANGED.—This morning, in the Supreme Court, James Rodgers, the boy who murdered John Swanston in Tenth avenue, was ordered to be executed on Friday, the 12th day of November next. Rodgers had respectable connections living in the country but, coming to this city, he was soon led into evil courses. One night, while engaged in a drunken frolic with two of his young associates, he met Mr. Swanston, a respectable old gentleman, walking in the street with his wife. Some of the party jostled against Mr. Swanston, a few words passed between them, and Rodgers without more ado drew a knife and stabbed the man, inflicting a mortal wound. For some time Rodgers eluded the officers of Justice, but was finally captured, tried in the General Sessions, convicted and sentenced to be hanged. His youth and prepossessing appearance excited a great deal of sympathy, and no efforts were spared to avert his impending fate. The Governor was petitioned for pardon, but it was refused. His counsel applied to the Supreme Court, and obtained an order for a new trial, on the ground of error in the proceedings before the General Sessions; but the Court of Appeals has reversed that decision, affirmed the judgment of the Court of Sessions and ordered that the sentence be executed. Accordingly the Supreme Court this morning issued its warrant, commanding the Sheriff to cause Rodgers to be hanged on the 12th day of November next. The highest legal tribunal in the State has just passed upon his case, the Executive clemency has been denied him, and nothing apparently remains for the unfortunate young man but to prepare for the expiation of his crime on the scaffold.—*Evening Post, 2d.*

AN OLD RELIC OF THE PAST—SLAVERY TIMES IN MASSACHUSETTS.—We examined yesterday a copy of the *Massachusetts Gazette*, published in Boston, by Richard Draper, Oct. 25, 1764—making the paper ninety-four years old the 25th of next month. In looking over the advertisements, we find several announcements which would shock the nerves of the good people of freedom-loving Massachusetts, if they were repeated at the present day. For instance, those who wish to purchase "a likely negro girl to be sold cheap," are advised to call upon the printers of the *Gazette*. Also, "a quantity of Castile soap," at the same office. The first article of traffic may have suggested the advertising of the latter in the same notice. Another man advertises "a likely negro girl 13 years of age, who has had the small pox," and a third wants to sell, "out of the country, a strong, likely negro woman," for whom inquiries must be made of that general directory, "the Printers."

The *Gazette* also gives "the speech of his Excellency, Francis Bernard, Esq., Capt. General and Governor-in-Chief in and over his Majesty's Province of the Massachusetts Bay in New England, and Vice Admiral of the same." How queerly such pompous announcements sound in these days of equality!

A lottery dealer explains the delay in drawing his scheme to be in consequence of the tickets not being sold, "chiefly on account of the small pox in Boston"!

The *Gazette* announces that "this day (Oct. 25th) is the Anniversary of the ascension of our most gracious Sovereign King George III to the British Throne, when he enters on the fifth year of his reign," and in honor of the event, his Majesty's troops were to fire num

Miscellaneous Department.

For The Standard.

I THIRST.

BY FRANCES ELLEN WATKINS.

I THIRST, but earth cannot allay
The fever coursing through my veins;
The healing stream is far away,
It flows through Salem's glorious plains.

The murmurs of its crystal flow
Break ever o'er this world of strife;
My heart is weary, let me go
To bathe it in the stream of life.

For many a worn and weary heart
Hath bathed itself in this pure stream,
And felt its griefs and cares depart,
E'en like some sad, forgotten dream.

For The Standard.

THE QUADROON'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER V.

As Aggy walked slowly homeward, she tried to collect her scattered thoughts and form something like a definite plan of action for the future. She resolved to go at once to Mr. Delnoe, and demand the immediate fulfilment of his promise. She intended to claim it upon the ground of justice, as her positive right, and believed that he would readily grant it, for on every occasion he had shown her the most marked proofs of indulgence. Indeed his treatment of her was always respectful, and at times almost tender. He never ordered her, but asked as a favor any attention or service. She had been universally cold and distant toward him, instinctively shrinking from the father who would not openly acknowledge her as his child; yet she had no clear idea upon the subject, such was the force of habit and custom; only nature, in her silent way, does always attest to truth and despise injustice. "I shall go North," thought Agatha; "I will get a situation of some kind—I'll work hard—I'll try to kill my heart—I'll get over this—I will. But, first, I shall demand, outright, from *my father*, a child's portion of his property, or at least enough of my just inheritance to assist me in my self-support. But"—and her cheek burnt redly—"if I had only done right through all the past, I might be happy in the future." Again her face blanched, and her fingers twitched nervously about her heart.

But, as she walked along, quietly, maturing her plan, she grew calm and self-possessed. The evening was coming on, and a premonition of its calmness was already abroad in the dove-like gentleness of the atmosphere, the prayerful hush of leaf, shrub and tree, and the silent movement of the new moon, which bent its crescent in the east as an ensign of harmony.

As she drew near the house, Aggy was surprised to discover unusual signs of haste and agitation. Servants were running to and fro, and there was every symptom of confusion and disorder. She quickened her step, passing through the outer grounds, and on the left of the conservatory, and entered the front yard, where she saw the physician's carriage; and fearing that Marian was ill, rushed through the front entry, up two flights of stairs, and through the halls until she reached Marian's chamber, which, to her surprise, was vacant.

"*She*, at least, is not ill, thank God!" broke from the quadroon's lips. Pausing for a moment to regain breath, she looked round the room, and what met her eye? On a table, among books and papers, she discovered a miniature of Raymond, which had been carelessly thrown there! The temptation was great; she took it up and looked at it earnestly; 'twas so like him—exact—the lips seemed ready to burst forth in speech; the eyes—*they were his!* The artist had surely worked in a happy moment, for he had even succeeded in catching Raymond's trick of manner, which was peculiar. With what patient, attentive eyes she scanned the work! Her cheek was wet with tears, and her fine lip trembled with the heart's pent emotion!

"Oh," she thought, "if this were only *mine*, I'd prize it so—'twould be a source of consolation when I am a great way off. Marian has thrown it down here, among her papers. She does not value it, else would it be lying on her heart. Let me take it with me, as a love-charm, a solace in my far-off wanderings."

She acted upon the thought, and, concealing it in her bosom, turned to leave the room; but no—conscience put a rebuke in her very feet—they refused to bear her hence—and, after a second's reflection, she took the treasure from her bosom, and, dashing it on the table, said aloud, "She has *him*, let her have the picture too."

Just then a shadow darkened the door, and, looking up, Aggy stood face to face with Josephine Finney; but there was nothing in those serene, up-looking eyes to betray that the words had been heard. She asked, in a quiet tone,

"Where have you been, Aggy?"

"Out on the plantation for some time, as I had no particular work to attend to; but, Miss Finney, can you tell me where Miss Marian is?"

"With her father, of course, and she wanted you; have you not seen her?"

"No, ma'm; and please tell me, what is the matter?"

"Why, don't you know that Mr. Delnoe is very ill—stricken, I think, by paralysis? I am waiting now until the doctor comes out of the chamber to get his real opinion of the case. Of course he will be cautious about giving this within Marian's hearing. Poor child! this is her first recollected sorrow."

"Must he die soon?" The quadroon seemed to ask this question of Heaven, of Fate, rather than her companion; for she did not appear to care for the answer, and abruptly left the room.

In an elegant chamber, richly hung with lace and damask drapery, surrounded by pictures in ornate frames by statues of rare workmanship, and upon a luxurious couch, William Delnoe, the worn-out worldling, lay dying. His daughter sat beside him, watching anxiously every breath as it came heavily. She held his hand between her own soft palms, and her eyes never wandered from his face. On the opposite side of the bed sat the family physician, holding the patient's pulse and attentively counting the life-beats. The mulatto nurse, in huge turban, moved about the room, fidgetty as all nurses are; altering the position of a vial here, or a bottle there, moving a chair, consulting the watch, or adjusting the cover of the bed; no doubt by way of showing her needful importance and enhancing her general busy-bodyism Mr. Delnoe laid very quietly upon his pillow, appearing to rest calmly, but with a face pale and ghostly The doctor rose to leave; Marian looked up anxiously.

"Must you leave, doctor? Can't you remain with us through the evening and night? My father may awaken much worse. Do you think him *very* ill? Can't you stay with us?"

There was a pleading earnestness in her tone, and a petition in the sweet eyes which were upturned to his.

The doctor hesitated a moment, consulted his watch, and, in a wavering, professional tone, replied,

"Well, you know, Miss Delnoe, I have yet many patients to see, but I shall only visit the most important cases, and leave the others until to-morrow, and so return to pass the evening here. I want to watch your father's case through."

So saying, he bowed himself out of the chamber, and Marian's eyes returned to their vigilant love-watch.

Just then, Aggy entered, bearing a shaded lamp; placing it upon the table, she glided up to the bed. One look at that dead-white face told her the worst. She trembled like an aspen leaf, for, if Mr. Delnoe should never recover his senses, how was her boon to be obtained? Moreover, a natural feeling, a sort of dim dawning of filial solicitude, stirred within her.

She took her station at the opposite side of the couch, near the nurse, and with her eyes full bent upon Marian.

How different! two sisters so widely sundered by position, by fortune, so separated in sentiment, met at the death-bed of their father! Was not this a moment to unite them, if none other could? A large cheval-glass, hanging opposite, reflected Aggy's features perfectly, and as her eye caught the image for one moment, then wandered to Marian's, the quadroon started! For the first time she detected the resemblance. A common sorrow seemed to bring out the deep under-points of a family likeness which certainly existed, but was probably unobserved when they were not, as now, in sympathy one with the other.

"Move the light, Aggy," said Marian, as she looked up, and suddenly started. Why was this? Did *she* see the resemblance? Did her spirit read *the fact* in that poor, pale quadroon face?

Aggy arranged the lamp in such a manner as to leave the room in partial shadow, and, creeping up to Marian, seated herself beside her. Marian was weary from anxiety and watching; so, leaning her head heavily on the quadroon's shoulder, she fell into a gentle, baby-like sleep. Aggy's arm and Aggy's breast supported her; and thus the playmates of childhood—in sorrow, not in play—were brought lovingly together.

Mr. Delnoe moved, opened his eyes and asked for water. The nurse held a quieting potion to his lips; he made an attempt to swallow—strangled—and made a second effort with no more success.

"Lift me up, nurse," he asked.

Upon being propped up in bed, he called for light—complained that it was not bright enough, and insisted upon having more.

"I can't see, nurse; give me a blaze of lamps. I want to look all around me."

Four astral lamps were brought and placed on the table in front of his bed; still he complained of the dimness.

The nurse began chafing his temples and brow with stimulating fluid, and he seemed to gain strength. As he turned his eye round and beheld Marian, with her head on Aggy's shoulder, he smiled faintly, then suddenly his brow gathered into a black frown, and a half-uttered oath escaped his lips.

"Who told Marian? Who grieved her? tell me, I'll kill him—they shan't blacken me in her heart. She shan't be grieved—my pet, my pride, Marian." As he said this through clenched teeth, and started up from the bed, his strength failed him; he fell back upon the couch and expired in a horrid convulsion.

"The worst is over," exclaimed the nurse, as she closed the lids over those wildly staring eyes; "he's wid his God now."

Aggy rose, and, assisted by the nurse, bore Marian to an adjoining room, and, placing her upon a couch, left her in the care of Josephine Finney.

The doctor returned to find his rich patient past need of medical treatment.

"What time did he die?" he asked of the nurse.

"Jist 'bout nine o'clock, doctor."

"Miss Delnoe—how and where is she?"

"She's 'sleep now; poor young miss, she'll take on orful when she comes to hear it. I'd like, doctor, to keep it from her a good bit."

"She will have to know it; perhaps I or Miss Finney had better break the intelligence to her."

"I will tell her, doctor," said Aggy, in a hollow voice.

"You?" the doctor inquired with an instinctive respect in his tone, as he glanced at the quadroon's fair form and lady-like manner.

"Yes, doctor, I'm most with her; understand her better than any one else, and would prefer bearing the painful news to her. *It is my duty.*"

There was that in the quadroon's determined tone which he did not gainsay.

CHAPTER VI.

After the body was neatly dressed and laid out upon the bed, fresh flowers placed upon the table, and long waxen candles lighted beside the bier, Aggy stole out from the room and sought Marian, who still slept, all oblivious of her recent loss.

The quadroon gazed upon those sleeping features, and watched the regular motion of the healthy breath with a tender eye.

Josephine Finney sat very still and quiet upon the opposite side of the bed, also attentively regarding the sleeper.

"Did *he* die calmly, Aggy?"

"With a very severe struggle, ma'm." Tears were in the quadroon's eyes.

"He was a good master."

Aggy's eye flashed! the word *master* had come to grate disagreeably upon her ear. Miss Finney observed the flash, but perhaps ascribed it to pride, to temper; certainly not to the right cause.

When Marian awoke, without being told, she read the fearful news in the faces of those who stood around.

"I am an orphan!" burst from her lips in a cry of pain; "take me to him—take me to my father."

Beside that form and upon that still, dead face she wept her first tears of conscious sorrow.

We pass over the funeral and burial of Mr. Delnoe. It is a scene sacred to others, and from which we dare not lift the veil. Time, that brings rest to us all, brought relief to Marian, whose sorrow at first seemed wild and turbulent. Raymond was her almost constant companion, soothing with words of love and upholding her weakness by the strength of his own nature. Josephine Finney, too, stood ready to console and cherish her, and the poor quadroon, who had most need of comfort, was not the least one in sheltering her mistress; and as she composed her lips to speak words of cheer, her own heart was torn by a hundred fangs. The bitterest martyrdom is often silent. Many a human heart is its own inquisition and chamber of terrors. At first, Marian's daily visits to her father's grave were regular and uniform; gradually Raymond lured her off in other and less solitary directions, and so beguiled her mind from a too keen contemplation of its bereavement. Thus, in the course of a few weeks, she was won back to a happy and almost careless state of mind; meanwhile her lover urged her to a speedy consummation of his wishes.

The preparation for the wedding was carried on in the pleasantest manner. Josephine, Marian and sundry dressmakers were in constant consultation upon the relative merits of satin, moire-antique, &c., and thus the house was in a happy little tumult all the while.

Marian never looked prettier or brighter. The dress of deep mourning seemed to bring out finely the most salient points of her face. The house, instead of being one of grief, had been turned into a mansion of rejoicing; even the slaves were interested to know something of the new master, whose dynasty was to begin so soon; and though the wedding ("*owing to the recent affliction!*") was to be entirely private, it promised pleasure, a holiday, cakes, pies, &c., to them; so of course it was looked forward to with pleasure.

Marian Delnoe sat alone in her room, one morning, tying white satin ribbon into curious love-knots, and quilling lace to the tops of white kid gloves.

"There, that *will* do," or "that won't do," she frequently cried, as she tossed glove, lace and ribbon down to be half lost in a pile of finery lying at her feet. She seemed tired of her foolish work.

Scattering the ribbons and laces with her tiny foot, she rose, walked to a table, opened a book, and read aloud.

"'Tis idlesse all."

"Miss Marian!"

Turning round, she said—

"Ah, it is you, Aggy; I am glad you have come; I want to talk with you; have been thinking about it for a long time, but since poor papa's death" (the tears were in her eyes), "everything has seemed to crowd in upon me so that I forgot you—and then" (she smiled) "I am so happy about this marriage that I don't think of much else."

Aggy was very still.

"Come up to me, girl." Marian seated herself in a rocking chair, and motioned to Aggy to take the stool at her feet.

"You see, Aggy, I know you are fretting about something, and have been for a great while. What is the matter? Can I do anything for you? Has anybody used you ill? Haven't you as many books as you wish? I told you to take any volume out of the library that you wanted, only to be particular in returning it; and, as for finery, you don't seem to care for it. I'll give you anything you want. What can make you so sad?"

Aggy did not speak—did not dare look toward her mistress.

"I hope," continued Marian, "that you haven't a sweetheart, Aggy, for I shouldn't like to have you marry."

Aggy shivered; Marian observed it.

"Why, Aggy, you don't want to marry; surely that would be too foolish."

The quadroon could not refrain from saying,

"You are going to marry."

"Yes, but it is different with me. I am a lady and you only a slave."

"So I am—so I am." The quadroon's tone was very bitter, and her whole face was wet with the dash of tears.

Marian looked pained.

"What is it, Aggy?"

"Oh, Miss Marian," cried the girl, upon a sudden impulse, falling on her knees at her mistress's feet, "give me my freedom—let me go away—let me be free, and I'll bless you."

The words came brokenly through the tears and agitation of voice. Marian was amazed; she had not thought of this.

"Aggy," she asked, "can any one have been tampering with you? Has Josephine Finney——"

"No, ma'm, no, no. Miss Finney has said nothing to me. No one has spoken of it; 'tis my own heart that asks for *liberty*. I shall die if I stay here longer."

Marian was so surprised that she did not seem to apprehend fully what the slave wanted. If she had taken the idea, no doubt she would have condemned Aggy for *ingratitude*.

"Your father," pursued Aggy more composedly, "promised my mother that I should be free. I was about demanding his compliance with this promise, when he was suddenly taken from us. During the hours of your affliction, I could not trouble you; but now, Miss Marian, when you are so happy, can't you spare me? Can't you let me go and seek *my* happiness?"

"Your happiness, Aggy, is surest with me. What would you do with freedom, or freedom with you?"

"It would make me a woman."

"Nonsense, girl, I can't think of such a thing. Somebody, over busy at that, has been talking to you. I do believe it is Josey, for she is romantic, or else you are in love. Stay! let me see—can it be with the butler—with James? I'll make him marry you rather than you should run off!"

"*Miss Marian!*"

There was a sternness and haughty reproof in Aggy's tone, which at another time would have provoked Marian. Now, however, she was too much preoccupied to notice it.

"I don't believe, Aggy, that papa ever promised your mother that you should be free; or, if he did, it was only a playful promise that he had no thought of keeping."

"If I could only have spoken with him!" Aggy twisted her fingers together in that manner so indicative of pain; she shivered dreadfully, but there were no tears now to contend with.

"Get up, foolish girl, and go away; this is a feeling which you will get over. Stay—take that blue silk dress of mine; 'tis n't half worn, but, as I am in mourning, I do not need it; you shall have it. Take it from the wardrobe."

"Please, Miss Marian—I—had—rather not." The girl's hand was on the knob of the door—she was leaving.

"Aggy," exclaimed Marian, "it *is* unkind, ungrateful in you to wish to leave me now. I am an orphan, and just going to be married; you have had chief care of me, and now to want to go away from me is mean. What would papa say?" and she burst into tears.

This touched Aggy, for she loved Marian, and in her generosity forgot herself.

"No, no, Miss Marian, I'm not ungrateful—I don't want to leave you—'tis not that; but I am—oh! so miserable! But I'll stay until—until you are married; then will you let me go?"

"Yes, see how selfish you are, to want to leave me at all. You know I can't do without you; there is no one to take your place."

"Rachel is a good girl, more capable than I am, and fonder of the sort of work you'll have for her to do."

"I thought, Aggy, that you were fond of me; that your chief pleasure was to dress me, wait upon me; but now you want to leave me. It *is* shameful ingratitude. If papa were alive, you wouldn't think of it."

"If he were only alive"—and the quadroon left the apartment.

"Oh, Josey, Josey," said Marian, as the two young ladies met on the balcony; "don't you think, Aggy came and asked me to set her free immediately! What do you think of such impudence and ingratitude?"

"Why, this *is* strange, but I always wondered how such a person *could* remain in slavery."

"Are you quite sure, Josephine, that you have not been talking with her?"

Marian's eyes were fixed intently upon Miss Finney, watching every variety or change of countenance.

"What do you mean, Marian? You can't intend to insult me, and yet your words imply it."

"No, Josey, forgive me. I am growing suspicious, and doubt even my best friends; but it seems so strange that the girl who has always been so faithful should now act so ungratefully. But there is Raymond coming up the avenue; where is my hat? I'll meet him."

And there they are, strolling leisurely up the walk, in the shade of those old oak trees.

"William, I've been so annoyed to-day; don't you think, my maid, Aggy, has *dared* to ask me to set her free. This is too ungrateful, after all my kindness to her. Servants are so ungrateful, but I did think she was true and grateful."

There was an abrupt pause; Marian felt the arm upon which she leaned tremble, but he made no reply to her complaint.

"Don't you think her ungrateful? You have often observed her, I dare say—that handsome quadroon girl."

"Oh, yes." His very voice was husky, and he trembled violently.

"What *is* the matter with you, William? are you sick? You shake like one with the ague."

"No, I feel chilly; the evening air"—

"Is pleasant, dear, but perhaps you have been too long immersed in your office; that always makes you nervous."

"Yes, yes."

"But when we are married, I don't intend to let you neglect yourself thus. I'll keep you at home until you get quite well and strong."

It was a ghastly smile that he gave in response to her sickly pleasantry.

"Don't you think, William, that it was ungrateful in my girl to want her freedom?"

"It is a natural want, my darling."

"What is?"

"Personal liberty."

"But when she has been so indulged! I've treated her more like a friend than a slave, and to want to leave me!"

"Seems strange, indeed, to want to leave *you*"; and he pressed the little hand that rested upon his arm. Just then Aggy crossed the avenue, a few steps in front of them. Marian called to her. Half hesitatingly, and with a face full of pain, the slave obeyed the summons. "Aggy," said her mistress, "Mr. Raymond is your new master. I have been telling him of your little pet this morning, and he concludes with me that you are very foolish and will soon regret it. Now, I see, from the way you hang your head, that you are ashamed; look up, this is your new master."

"Yes, ma'm." The quadroon did look up, and her eyes encountered the bloodless face and staring eyes of Raymond. She comprehended the whole, and, arming her heart with courage, made a pleasant speech, smiled a death-like smile, and left her mistress and "*new master.*"

"Now, isn't she a pretty quadroon? Only you seemed to intimidate her; she could scarcely look up; but I've seen her when she was really splendid; don't you think her pretty?"

"Why, yes—no—indeed I scarcely observed——what of her?"

"Why, now, William, I am certain you are not well; your voice falters—you tremble—and I'm *sure you are not well*; but here comes Pedro. Here, here, Pedro—down, sir, down."

These last words were addressed to a fine Newfoundland dog, who came bounding and leaping upon her in the excitement of a canine welcome.

"Isn't he a splendid dog?"

"Y-e-s"—

"Y-e-s! Why, you answer at random. I never saw anything like you; you neither praise my maid nor my dog. It is well I have something to entertain myself with besides you, Sir Dulness. Come, Pedro—come away with me from this dull company." And off she sped, the dog rushing after her, while our hero was left to his own meditations, which *could* not be very agreeable.

Marian, who was of a very elastic temperament, never allowing anything to give her more than a moment's anxiety, quickly forgot Raymond and his disquiet in the quickness of the chase and frolic with Don Pedro. Away they scampered, through the garden, up and down avenues, across lawns, over fields and through groves, in the buoyancy of a swift foot-race.

Raymond entered the parlor, the doors of which opened upon a wide verandah. Drawing a chair near the door, he sat down and was soon lost to all surrounding consciousness. Around him was splendor and wealth, which was soon to be his; but his eye was dead to them now. Conscience had a voice, and she spoke to him with her thousand tongues. He could not banish that worn face which had glared upon him in the avenue. He reproached himself for the wrong he had done the quadroon, but then, as if to soothe himself, he thought, "She *ought* to have secured her freedom from Mr. Delnoe; she might have done so. Surely she can't be one fitted to free life, or she would have manifested more forethought. No, I suppose it is better for her as it is. Whatever is is right." And with this optimistic view of things generally, he appeared to satisfy himself, without stopping to hold a stricter inquiry.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SILENCE.

In silence mighty things are wrought—
Silently builded, thought on thought,
Truth's temple greets the sky;
And, like a citadel with towers,
The soul with her subservient powers,
Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
The saplings of the forest grow
To trees of mighty girth;
Each mighty star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
The axle of the earth.

The silent frost, with mighty hand,
Fetters the rivers and the land
With universal chain;
And smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
The lands are free again.

FARMERS AND FARMING.

ADDRESS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

THE Annual Agricultural Fair in Middlesex County, Mass., took place on Wednesday, 29th ult., at Concord. The noticeable event of the day was the delivery of the following address by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, at the dinner:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I suppose there is no anniversary that meets from all parties a more entire good will than this rural festival. Town and country, trades and manufactures, church and laymen, sailor and soldier, men and women, all have an equal good will, because an equal stake in the prosperity of the farmer. It is well with all when it is well with him. He has no enemy. All are loud in his praise. Every wise state has favored him, and the best men have held him highest. Cato said, when it was said that such or such a man was a good husbandman, it was looked upon as the very highest compliment. Of all the rewards given by the Romans to great public benefactors, the most valued and the rarest bestowed was the crown of Grass, given only by the acclamation of the army for the preservation of the whole army, by the faith of one man. Since the dependence, not of the whole army, but of the whole State rests on the tiller of the ground who grows the grass, the crown should be more rightfully awarded to the farmer. Let us then look at the condition of the farmer, or the man with the hoe, at his strength and weakness, at his aids and servants, at his greater and lesser means, and his share in the great future which opens before the people of this country.

The glory of the farmer is that it is his to construct and to create. Let others borrow and imitate, travel and exchange, and make fortunes by speed and dexterity in selling something which they never made; but the whole rests at last upon his primitive activity. He stands close to nature; obtains from the earth bread; the food which was not he has caused to be. And this necessity and duty gives the farmer its dignity. All men feel this to be their natural employment. The first farmer was the first man, and all nobility rests on the possession and use of land. Men do not like hard work very well; but every man has an exceptional respect for tillage, and a feeling that this is the original calling of his race; that he himself is only excused from it by some circumstances which may direct it for a time to other hands. If he had not some small skill which recommends him to the farmer, some product which the farmer will give him corn for, he must himself return to his due place among the planters of corn. The profession has its ancient charm of standing close to God. He who gives. Then I think the piety, the tranquillity, the innocence of the countryman, his independence, and all the pleasing arts belonging to him, the care of beast, of poultry, of sheep, of fruits, of trees, and its reaction on the workman, in giving him a strength and plain dignity, like the face and manners of nature, all men are sensible of. All of us keep the farm in reserve as an asylum where to hide our poverty and our solitude, if we do not succeed in society. Who knows how many remorseful glances are turned thus away from the competitions of the shop and counting-room, from the mortifying cunning of the Courts and the Senates. After the man has been degraded so that he has no longer the vigor to attempt active labor on the soil, yet when he has been poisoned by town life and drugged by cooks, and every meal is a force pump to exhaust by stimulus the poor remainder of his strength, he resolves: "Well, my children, whom I have injured, shall go back to the land to be recruited and cured by that which should have been my nursery and shall now be their hospital."

The farmer is a person of remarkable conditions. His office is precise and important, and it is of no use to try to paint him in rose-color. You must take him just as he stands. Nothing is arbitrary or sentimental in his condition, and therefore one respects rather the elements of his office than himself. He bends to the order of the seasons and the weather and the soils, as the sails of the ship bend to the wind. He makes his gains little by little, and by hard labor. He is a slow person, being regulated by time and nature, and not by city watches. He takes the best of the seasons, of the plants and of chemistry. Nature never hurries, and atom by atom, little by little, accomplishes her work. The lesson one learns in fishing, yachting, hunting, or in planting, is the knowledge of nature; patience with the delays of wind and sun, delays of the seasons, excess of water and drouth, patience with the slowness of our feet and with the littleness of our strength, with the largeness of sea and land. The farmer, or the man with the hoe, times himself to nature and acquires that immense patience which belongs to her. Slow, narrow man—he has to wait for his food to grow. His rule is that the earth shall feed him and find him, and in each he must be a graceful splendor. His spending must be a farmer's spending and not a merchant's.

But though a farmer may be pinched on one side, he has advantages on the other. He is permanent; he clings to his land as the rocks do. Here in this town farms remain in the same families now for seven or eight generations, and the settlers of 1635 have their names still in town; and the same general fact holds good in all the surrounding towns in the county. This hard work will always be done by one kind of men; not by scheming speculators, not by professors, nor by readers of Tennyson, but by men of strength and endurance.

The farmer has a great life, and a great appetite and health, and means for his end. He has broad land in which to place his home. He has wood to burn great fires. He has plenty of plain food. His milk at least is not watered. He has sleep, better and more of it than men in cities. But the farmer has grand trusts confided to him in the great household of nature. The farmer stands at the door of every family and weighs to each their life. It is for him to say whether men shall marry or not. Early marriages and the number of births are indissolubly connected with abundance, or as Burke said —"Man breeds at the mouth." The farmer is the Board of Quarantine. He has not only the life, but the health of others in his keeping. He is the capital of health, as his farm is the capital of wealth. And it is from him and his influences that the worth and power, moral and intellectual, of the cities comes. The city is always recruited from the country. The men in the cities who are the centres of energy, the driving wheels in trade or politics, or arts or letters; the women of beauty and genius, are the children or grandchildren of farmers, and are spending the energies which their hard, silent life accumulated in frosty furrow, in poverty, in darkness, and in necessity, in the summer's heat and winter's cold. Then he has a universal factory. He who digs and builds a well and makes a stone fountain, he who plants a grove of trees by the roadside, who plants an orchard and builds a durable house, or even puts a stone seat by the wayside, makes the land lovely and desirable, and makes a fortune which he cannot carry with him, but which is useful to his country and mankind long afterward. The man that works at home moves society throughout the world. If it be true that not by the fiat of political parties, but upon external laws of political economy, slaves are driven out of Missouri, out of Texas, out of the Middle States, out of Kentucky, then the true Abolitionist is the farmer of Massachusetts, who, heedless of laws and constitutions, stands all day in the field investing his labor in the land and making a product with which no forced labor can in the long run contend. The rich man, we say, can speak the truth. It is the boast that was ever claimed for wealth, that it could speak the truth, could afford honesty, could afford independence of opinion and action, and that is the theory of nobility. But understand this: It is only the rich man in the true sense who can do this—the man who keeps his outgo within his income.

The boys who watch the spindles in the English factories, to see that no thread breaks or gets entangled, are called "minders." And in this great factory of our Copernician Globe, shifting its slides of constellations, tides and times, bringing now the day of planting, now the day of watering, now the day of reaping, now the day of curing and storing, the farmer is the "minder." His machine is of colossal proportions; the diameter of the water-wheel, the arms of the lever, the power of the battery, out of all proportion; and it takes him long to understand its abilities and its working. The pump never sucks. These screws are never loose. This machine is never out of order. The piston and wheels and tires never wear out, but are self-repairing. Let me show you then what are his aids.

Who are the farmer's servants? Not the Irish, God help him. No, but chemistry; the pure air; the water-brook; the lightning cloud; the winds that have blown in the interminable succession of years before he was born; the sun which has for ages soaked the land with light and heat, melted the earth, decomposed the rocks and covered them with forests, and accumulated the stagnun which makes the heat of the meadow. The students of all nations have in past years been dedicating their education to universal science, and they have reformed our school-books, and our terminology. The four quarters of the globe are no longer Europe, Asia, Africa and America, but Carbon, Oxygen, Hydrogen, and Nitrogen. The four seasons of the year are now Gravitation, Light, Heat and Electricity. Science has been showing how nature works in regard to the support of marine animals by marine plants. So nature works on the land—one plan of all for each, and each for all. You cannot detach any portion of its forces and retain a perfect nature. The flame of fire that comes out of the cubic foot of wood or coal is exactly the same in amount as the light and heat which was taken in in the sunshine in the form of leaves and roots, and now is given out after a hundred thousand years. Thus lie in the farm inexhaustible magazines. The eternal rocks have held their oxygen and lime undiminished and entire as they were. No particle of oxygen can run away or wear out, but has the same energy as on the first morning. The great rocks seem to say, "Patient waiters are no losers." We have not lost so much as a spasm of the power we received.

The earth works for man. It is a machine which yields new service to every application of intellect. Every plant is a manufactory of soil. In the stem of the plant development begins. The tree can draw on the whole air, or the whole earth, or the rolling main. The tree is all suction pipe, imbibing from the ground by its roots, from the air by its twigs, with all its might. The atmosphere is an immense distillery, drinking in the oxygen and carbon from plants, and absorbing the essence of every solid on the globe. It is the receptacle from which all things spring, and into which all return. The invisible air takes form and solid mass. Our senses are sceptics, and only believe the impressions of the moment. They do not believe what is demonstrated to them—that these vast mountain chains are made of gases and rolling wind. They do not believe, what is true, that one-half the rocks which compose the great globe, every solid substance, the soils we cultivate, are made up of animals, and plants, and intisible oxygen. Nature is as subtle as she is strong. Her processes of decomposition and reconstruction might be followed out in higher grades of existence, rank into rank, to sentient beings. They burn with internal fire which wastes while it works. The great agencies work in man as in all.

There is no porter like gravitation, who will bring down any weight which you cannot carry; and if he wants aid, he knows where to find his fellow-laborers. Water works in masses, and sets his irresistible shoulder to your mills and your shops, or transports vast boulders of rock a thousand miles. But its far greater power lies in its capacity to enter the smallest holes and pores. By its agency the vegetable world exists, carrying in solution the elements needful to every plant. Water! that daily miracle—a substance as explosive as gunpowder—the electric force contained in a drop of water being equal in amount to that which is discharged from a thunder-cloud. I quote from the exact Farraday.

While the farmer has these grand fellow-laborers to assist him, and these majestic tools to work with, it must be owned that he is not quite competent to their direction. His servants are sometimes too strong for him. His tools are too sharp. But this inequality finds its remedy in practice. Experience gradually teaches him, and he is thoughtful. The farmer hates innovation; he hates the hoe till he tries it, preferring to scratch with a stick; he will walk till he has tried the railway car; but the oldest fogies among us, now that the Atlantic Cable is laid, would hardly set out to despatch a letter across the ocean by swimming with it in his mouth. While such great energies are working for the farmer, he is also to recollect the great power that is in small things. It is very little that is required. Its internal force consists in a few simple arrangements. Look, for instance, at the powers of a chestnut rail. Look at that prairie, hundreds of miles off, not a stick or a stone upon it, except at rare intervals. Well, the farmer manages to put up a rail fence, and at once seeds sprout and crops rise. It was only the browse and fire that kept them down. Plant a fruit tree by the roadside and it will not produce, although it receives many hints from projected stones and sticks, that fruit is desired to come down, and though fruit has gone crude into the bowels of small boys. But put a fence around it, the boys will let it alone and you will have fruit so large and luscious as to seem almost inviting you to take its picture before being sent to the Horticultural Fair.

Nature drops a pine cone in Mariposa, and it grows three or four centuries, producing trees thirty feet in circumference. How was it done? They did not grow on a ridge, but in a basin, where they found a deep and dry soil, and where they could protect themselves from the sun by growing in groves, and from the winds by the mountain shelter. The planter who saw them remembered his orchard at home, where every year a destroying wind made his pears and peaches look as bleak as suffering virtue, not better than Abolitionists, while the fat Democrats, that had got their tap-roots into the National Treasury, grew stout and hearty. So he went home and built a high wall on the exposed side of his orchard, and after that his peaches grew to the size of melons, and his vines ran out of all control.

I have heard a man say that he could have a whole farm in a box a rod square. He would take his roots into his library and feed them with food they like. If they had a fancy for dead dog, he would let them have it, being sure that the fruits would never reveal the secrets of their table. Such men we need to bring out a greater degree of cultivation of our soil, which is capable of as great an increased productiveness as that which England has achieved. Concord is one of the oldest towns in the country—far on now in its third century. The Selectmen have once in five years perambulated its bounds, and yet in this year a very large quantity of land has been discovered and added to the agricultural land, and without a murmur of complaint. By drainage we have gone to the subsoil, and we have a Concord under Concord, a Middlesex under Middlesex, and a basement story of Massachusetts more valuable than all the superstructure. Tiles are political economists. They are so many young Americans announcing a better era, and a day of fat things. There has been a nightmare brought up in England, under the indigestion of the late suppers of overgrown Lords, that while the population increases in a geometrical ratio, the crops increase only in an arithmetical ratio. The theory is that the best land is cultivated first. This is not so, for the poorest land is the first cultivated, and the last lands are the best lands. It needs science to cultivate the best lands in the best manner. Every day a new plan, a new theory, and this political economy is in the hands of these teachers. It is true, however, that population increases in the ratio of morality, and the crops will increase in a like ratio.

I congratulate the farmer of Massachusetts on the advantages. I congratulate him that he is set down in a good place, where the soil and climate is so good. We plant more than in any northern or southern latitude. We are here on the northern boundary of the tropics, on the southern boundary of the Arctic regions. We can raise almost all crops; and if we lack the orange and palm, we have the apple and peach and pear. In Illinois, it is often said, although it is more the voice of their scorn than of their pity, that they reckon it a singular leading of Divine Providence that Massachusetts was settled before the prairie was known, else unproductive soils would never have been settled. But the Massachusetts farmer may console himself that if he has not as rich a soil, he has the advantage of a market at his own door, the manufactory in the same town. I congratulate you, then, on this advantage of your position. Next, I congratulate you on the new territory which you have discovered, and not annexed, but sub-nexed to Middlesex and to Massachusetts. And then I congratulate you at being born at a happy time, when the sharp stick must go out with the arrow; when the steam-engine is in full use, and new plants and new culture are daily brought forward. I congratulate you on the fact that the year that has just witnessed successful employment in the mill-room and on the plains and prairies has also witnessed the laying of the Atlantic cable. The cable is laid, and the courage of man is confirmed. The cable is a smiting hand. All that used to look like vagary and castle-building is to be solid sense henceforth. Who shall ever dare say impossible again? Henceforth, if a thing is really desirable, it is in that degree really practicable, and the farm you have dreams of—go instantly and begin to make it. I congratulate you, lastly, on the new political economy which takes off the crape and lets in the sunlight on us, and which teaches that what is good for one human body is good and useful for us all.

Mr. Emerson was much applauded as he took his seat.

OLIVER CROMWELL'S HEAD.—A correspondent of the New York *Express*, who is now travelling in England, has seen the head of the Great Protector, of which he gives the following description:

"Before leaving England, I had an opportunity of seeing a great curiosity, a relic of antiquity, which few Englishmen have seen. You will be surprised, and perhaps incredulous, when I say I have seen the head of Oliver Cromwell—not the mere skull, but the head entire, and in a state of remarkable preservation. Its history is authentic, and there is a verbal and historical evidence to place the thing beyond cavil. Cromwell died at Hampton Court, in 1658, giving the strongest evidence of his earnest religious convictions, and of his sincerity as a Christian. After an imposing funeral pageant, the body having been embalmed, he was buried at Westminster Abbey. On the restoration of the Stuarts, he was taken up and hung at Tyburn. Afterward his head was cut off, a pike driven up through the neck and skull, and exposed on Westminster Hall. It remained there a long while, until, by some violence, the pike was broken, and the head thrown down. It was picked up by a soldier and concealed, and afterward conveyed to some friend, who kept it carefully for years. Through a succession of families which can easily be traced, it has come into the possession of the daughter of Hon. Mr. Wilkinson, ex-member of Parliament from Buckingham and Bromley. It was at the residence of this gentleman that I saw the head; and his daughter, a lady of fine manners and great culture, exhibited it to Rev. Mr. Verrell, the pastor of the Bromley Dissenting Chapel, and myself.

"This head of Cromwell is almost entire. The flesh is black and sunken, but the features are nearly perfect, the hair is still remaining, and even the large wart over one of the eyes—such being a distinctive mark on his face—is yet perfectly visible."

OLD TUNES.—Louis Gaylord Clarke, in the September number of *The Knickerbocker*, thus speaks: "On our return to the mansion, we repaired, after tea, to the parlor, where we listened to and 'j'ined in' with several old sacred airs, which brought 'the light of other days' around us. There was a deep-toned parlor-organ, and a most effective base-viol, both well performed upon; well-trained voices 'carried' all parts; and it awakened almost the old emotions, to hear again old *Windham*, *Limehouse*, *Wells*, *Brattle Street*, *Old Hundred*, and, last, but by no means least, *Norwich*. While we listened to these lines, sung so often on Sunday evenings by maternal lips, long since dust in the grave, tears, unbidden and irrepressible, swelled to our eyes:

"'Gently glides the stream of Life,
Or along the flowery vale;
Or impetuous down the cliff,
Rushing roars, when storms assail.

"'Tis an ever varied flood,
Always rolling to the sea;
Slow or swift, or wild or rude,
Tending to Eternity!'

"Find old *Norwich*, if you have Lowell Mason's ancient collection, and, if there are singers enough in the family, *sing it*, with all the 'parts'; if it should be Sunday evening, ah! so much the better. It is wonderfully pathetic to us, and melodious also, to our poor taste."

Advertisements.

ANTI-SLAVERY PUBLICATIONS. The following works on Slavery are for sale at this Office. The price of each, as well as that for which it will be forwarded by mail, is given below:

	Price.	By mail.
Autobiography of a Female Slave,	$1 00	1 20
Abolitionism Exposed and Corrected,	15	17
Address to the Presbyterians of Kentucky,	3	4
Address of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, August 1, 1854,	10	14
Address of